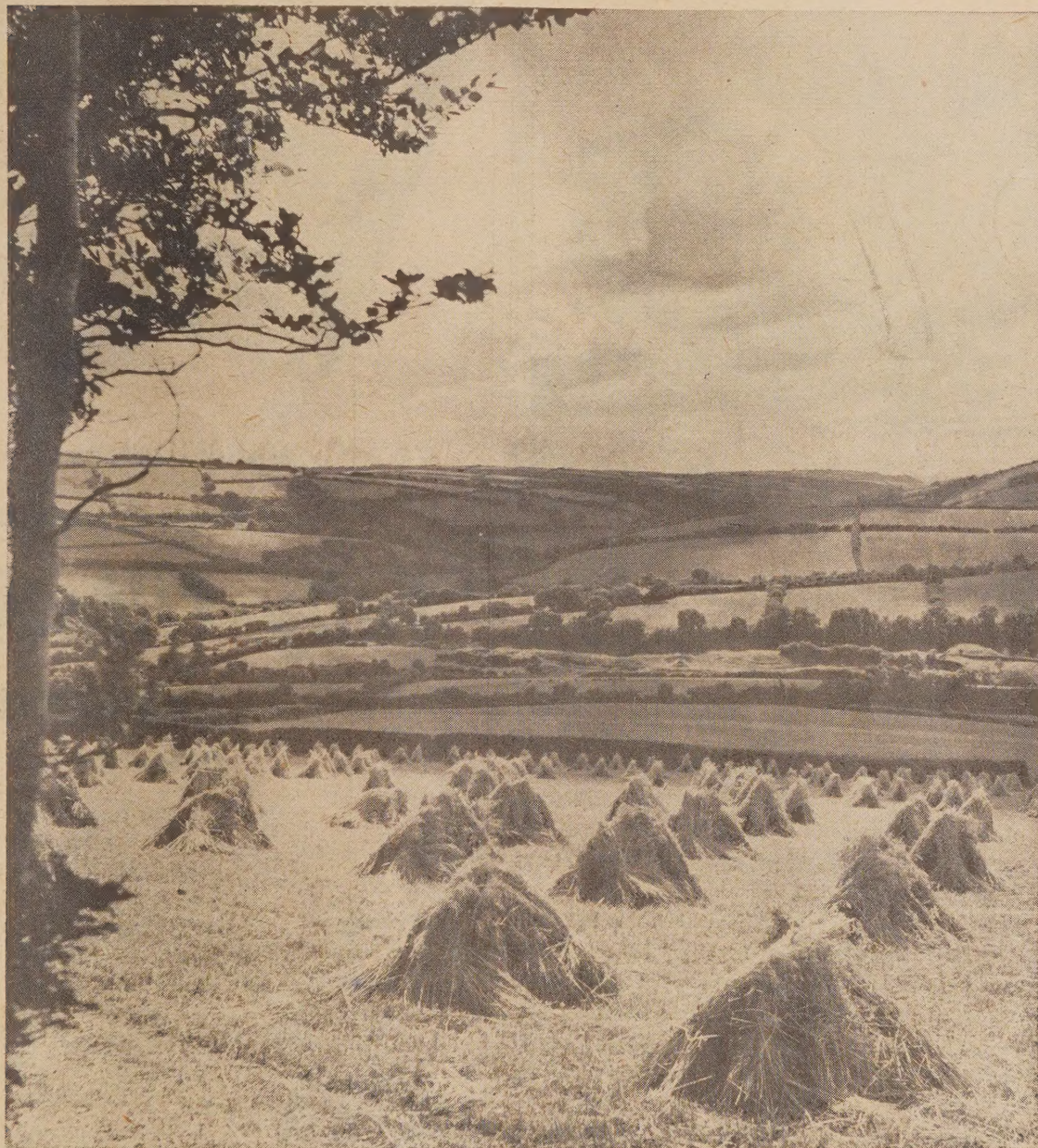


# The Listener

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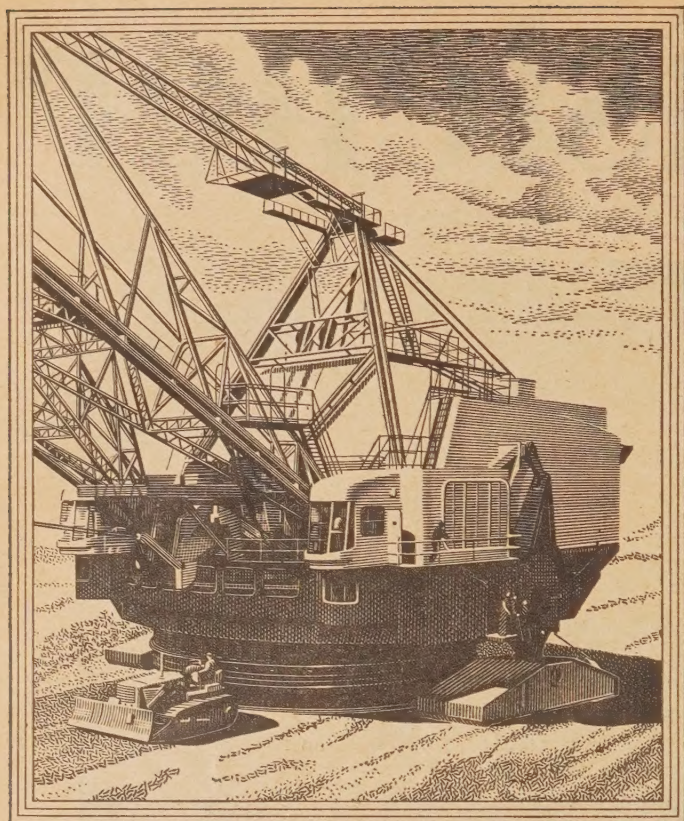
Harvest time in Somerset

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

The Mood of the French People (Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber)  
When is a Murderer Mad? (A Queen's Counsel and a Psychiatrist)  
How Royalty is Painted (David Piper)





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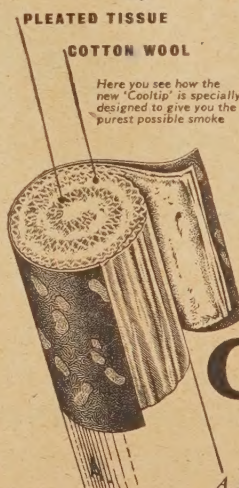
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# The Listener

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Thursday August 13 1953

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AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

### THE WORLD TODAY:

The Mood of the French People (Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber) ...	243
France's Constitutional Problem (William Pickles) ...	245
When is a Murderer Mad? (A Queen's Counsel and a Psychiatrist) ...	247
Which Side of the Fence? (Ludovic Kennedy) ...	253

### TOLERATION—III: What Are the Limits of Tolerance? (Eugen Gerstenmaier) ...

249

### THE LISTENER:

Unanswered Questions ...	250
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	250

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

The Battle of the Skirt (Thomas Cadett) ...	251
A Neglected Italian Painter (Christopher Serpell) ...	251
The Last Bugle (Vicars Bell) ...	251
Debit and Credit (Douglas Willis) ...	252
Badgers at Play (Ernest Neal) ...	252

### ART:

How Royalty is Painted (David Piper) ...	254
Two Paris Exhibitions (David Sylvester) ...	268

### POEMS:

Nijinsky's Tomb (Frances Cornford) ...	256
The Apples (Robert Conquest) ...	265
Song (Hal Summers) ...	267

### BIOGRAPHY:

Edmund Plowden: a Great Elizabethan Lawyer (Richard O'Sullivan) ...	257
---	-----

### THE QUEEN'S GENERATION—VIII

To Stay or Not to Stay (Peter Paul-Huhne) ...	258
---	-----

### NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...

260

### RELIGION:

Methodism and Spiritual Healing (Rev. Ronald Spivey) ...	262
--	-----

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Rev. Victor White, O.P., Victor Purcell, Robert Peel, F. E. Hellier, W. H. Cazaly, Allan M. Laing, R. A. Auty, W. Bridges-Adams, C. Dudley Palmer, Horace Dowling, and Brian S. Gaffney ...	263
--	-----

### MISCELLANEOUS:

Rudyard Kipling's Home (Colin MacInnes) ...	266
---	-----

### LITERATURE:

The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	269
New Novels (Anthony Rhodes) ...	273

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	274
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	274
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	275
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	276
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	276

### MUSIC:

Louis Spohr: Radical Conservative (Richard Gorer) ...	277
---	-----

### BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...

279

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...

279

### CROSSWORD NO. 1,215 ...

279

## The Mood of the French People

By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER

**F**RANCE is no more what she was: I mean, what she was six months ago.\* The general opinion, abroad, is that the state of France today, the mood of the French people, is even more disturbing than it was before. It is often said that we want to get out of Indo-China at any price from sheer defeatism; that we become increasingly anti-American and tend to prefer a kind of 'neutralist' policy to the present Atlantic alliance; or that the fear of Germany leads us to repudiate our own plans for the unification of Europe. That and other things are considered, by our friends abroad, as symptoms of a grave national illness, of a lack of will and vitality. Our governments are regarded more as caretakers than policy-makers.

All this is true, in part. I shall not attempt to prove to you that the French political and economic situation is healthy. It is not. But something has happened, recently, that to us seems very promising. This change is that the French public opinion has been awakened, that suddenly the voice of the people, almost unheard for seven years, has again uttered. We hope, indeed we feel confident, that this is the beginning of sweeping changes.

You know that from the end of May to the first week of July we went through the longest and most dramatic governmental crisis of this Fourth Republic. In the middle of this crisis, the parliament

was shocked by two men, Paul Reynaud and Pierre Mendès-France, who spoke in simple and clear terms of the absolute and urgent necessity for radical measures in almost every major field of our national life. The courage of these men was already a new and healthy symptom. But what was even more interesting to observe was the wide and immediate reaction their words provoked in the country. It suddenly seemed as though the people of France, who had shown such scepticism and apathy towards what was called the 'parliamentary games', felt that something could change if only a few men decided to disobey the rules of the game, and talked directly to the country about the real problems.

This national reaction had a very interesting influence on the representatives of the people in the parliament itself. They themselves, feeling the new mood of the country, began to act differently. The young or the obscure deputies refused for the first time to obey the orders of the whips in their parties, and voted according to their own individual convictions and conscience. That was a few weeks ago. Since then, a Government has been formed, a Government that resembles all the previous ones in all respects, neither more coherent nor more dynamic. Since then, also, the summer vacations have begun for a great many people. Paris is



looking like an empty city, the newspapers are scarcely read, the country is taking a rest after an access of fever. So, for any observer who arrived in Paris today, it would certainly look as though nothing had changed.

But behind this superficial resemblance with the recent past there are unmistakable symptoms that strong currents have been started in the national life and that they will affect deeply the course of our policies.

### First Constitutional Reform

To start with a small example, it is interesting to note how quickly and easily the first constitutional reform was recently voted by our National Assembly. Some partial reform of the constitution has often been advocated in parliament. It is well known that the present constitution in France makes it much more difficult than it was before the war to create a government. One of the main reasons for that is what is called the 'constitutional majority'. When a candidate for Prime Minister has been chosen by the President of the Republic, he must get 314 votes (half of the deputies plus one), to be confirmed. Of course that is very difficult to achieve in an Assembly divided between seven or eight parties. In the last crisis four candidates failed by just a few votes to get that constitutional majority, before the present Prime Minister finally achieved it.

Although these defects are so obvious, this system could never be changed because it clearly gives more power to the leaders of the parties. Each time a reform was proposed it was voted down. Now public opinion has been so aroused against the leaders of the parties and their grip on parliament that, after this crisis, an important reform was passed almost without debate. The national assembly has suppressed the absolute majority rule. If it is confirmed by the senate—which is probable—then a Prime Minister will be able to be voted in by a relative majority. In a parliament where one-sixth of the seats are occupied by communists, this rule is evidently a great improvement.

That was a small example of the new mood in France. A more significant one is the reaction we have just witnessed to the publication in the French press of the so-called Hillman Report. Mr. Hillman, an American business-man, was sent with a small group of other business men and economic advisers to Europe six months ago, by the Committee on Appropriations of the American Senate. Their mission was to survey the distribution and use of American aid in Europe, and report to the Senate. Mr. Hillman and his group, after a few days in Paris, decided that instead of going all over Europe they would choose France as a typical case and spend all their time studying American aid to France and the French situation. Their report was given to the senators last month. It was a confidential report. But one copy got to Paris and was published in the press.

The interesting part of the affair is this. The Hillman Report is violently critical both of the way the French used their American dollars, and even more of the way the French handle their own affairs. It criticises, for example, our tax system. It says that the rich people do not pay taxes in our country and that the deputies in parliament are so closely linked to special-interest groups that they prevent any tax reform from being adopted. The report also analyses in very crude terms what it calls the deliberate mishandling by the French of the American aid. It says that, instead of putting dollars into the various projects for which they had been earmarked, the French Government created complete confusion by mixing American funds with ordinary state revenue in a common budget, so that no control could be applied.

### An Outspoken Report

These are just some examples of what the report contains. Its general tone is frank, even brutal, and certainly was not meant to be read by a French public. Published in other circumstances, a

few months ago, this document would have created a tremendous uproar. It would have been a good occasion for sentimental patriotism to explode and blast the Americans.

But not now: instead of blaming so-called American imperialism and taking refuge in national pride, most of the commentators in the press, and people generally in conversations, reacted in a very different way. They thought it was the fault of our own Government, of our own lack of courage, in the past years, if we were today in a situation where we can be so severely taken to task by an American envoy. They explained that this was the alarm signal which we should listen to carefully. It was high time to cease relying on American aid and advice and to decide to stand on our own feet, whatever sacrifices it meant.

Still another interesting phenomenon is the wide popularity of the British Prime Minister. The name of Churchill is now linked to his famous speech on negotiation with the east, and has been called upon several times during the recent parliamentary crisis. He is regarded as the symbol of a new and imaginative approach to the problems of the cold war. Here again French public opinion has gone ahead of the political bosses. While the cabinet ministers and top diplomats were mostly interested in preserving their plans and continuing steadily in the direction they had followed until now, the public reacted promptly to the Churchill appeal. They sensed, as he did, that new conditions demanded a new kind of approach. The politicians had to follow.

The most important of all these new trends in French public life is the overwhelming sentiment that a negotiated end should be promptly searched for the war in Indo-China. I shall not attempt here to go again over all the reasons why the interests of France, and so of Europe, would be best served by a diplomatic settlement of that endless Asiatic conflict. Maybe it is not quite as clear to foreign observers whether or not we should continue that war until we achieve a military victory. I personally believe strongly that it will lead us to national disaster if we go on wasting a great part of our military and financial resources on that far-distant front where there is no hope of solving the problem by arms.

### New Policy on Indo-China

But what I would like to note here is that the reason why so many French people are now convinced that we should settle soon for a compromise in Indo-China is not defeatism, or neutralism, or any other form of lack of courage and vitality. I think the contrary. The war in Indo-China, its drain on our national resources, was accepted out of passivity and lack of interest. So it has been for many years. And now, rather suddenly, the French people are becoming aware that this is a deadly routine, that it has prevented us from building new houses and industries in France, from investing money and men in the rich African continent, from developing our potentialities everywhere. The deep reaction today against the Indo-China expedition is a reaction against the acceptance of decadence. If we decide to negotiate, as I think we shall, it will not be in a mood of retreat but with the will to build a future where it is sensible and fruitful to build it: in Europe and Africa.

Under the surface calm of August, profound emotions, awakened by the recent crisis, continue to disturb a growing number of French people. The speeches of Mendès-France printed in book form, have had larger sales than any political book published in recent years.

Next autumn, or at the end of the year, these emotions will come into the open, possibly with great violence. The will to end the war in Asia, to achieve economic independence from the United States, to develop a new French Africa, to modernise rapidly our own industry, to put a strong and radical government in power and to give it the means to rule the nation efficiently; that revolutionary will is going to become irresistible. Already the eyes of many of us are fixed upon those young leaders who will be able to fulfil those hopes.—*Third Programme*



# France's Constitutional Problem

By WILLIAM PICKLES

ON July 23, the French National Assembly decided to amend ten of the 100-odd articles of the constitution which the French people accepted in 1946. One of the purposes of the proposed revision is to keep governments in office long enough to enable them to do a proper job, instead of lasting only four months on an average, as they have done since 1925. Although the amendments were passed by a big majority, many French deputies, as well as some British authorities, believe that the changes will be of value only if they are regarded as the first instalment of a much wider reform. I would go further than that. I believe that most of the suggestions now being made touch only the surface of the French political problem. I propose to explain why I disagree with most other critics, and to give a hint of what seems to me to be the real trouble.

A good many British authorities put the blame for the weakness and instability of French governments on the fact that the French have a great many political parties—half-a-dozen bigish ones and another half-dozen very small ones. That fact, in turn, the British blame on the French electoral system. I think this is a completely mistaken view. Nearly every electoral system seems to me to be only partly the cause, and very much more the consequence of the political habits that go with it. Every developed democracy has acquired by now certain habits of mind that limit the field of choice among electoral systems. The French, in fact, have tried half-a-dozen different electoral systems in the past 100 years, and before they adopted the present one, their National Assembly rejected no fewer than eight different proposals. In other words, no country has given a fairer trial to the idea that you can make fundamental changes in political life by trying electoral tricks—and no country has so conclusively proved that it does not work.

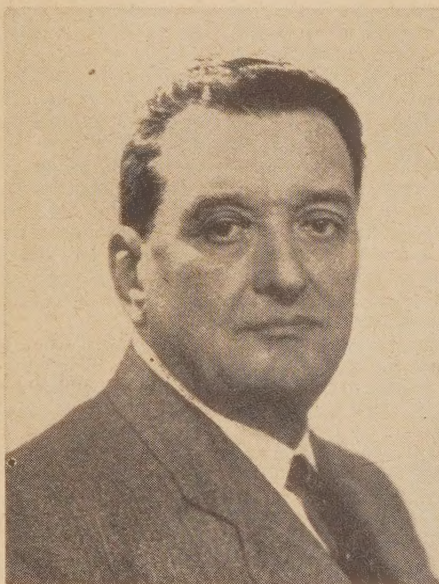
To try to reduce the number of parties by changing the electoral system is to put the cart before the horse. In Britain we can allow

ourselves a very simple electoral system because the British elector keeps on showing clearly that he does not want more than two main parties. I know that many Liberals, in particular, will disagree with me, but that in my view is the British habit of mind and it is the result of a quite special set of historical circumstances, that are not likely to be found again anywhere else. I want to stress that point, because far too

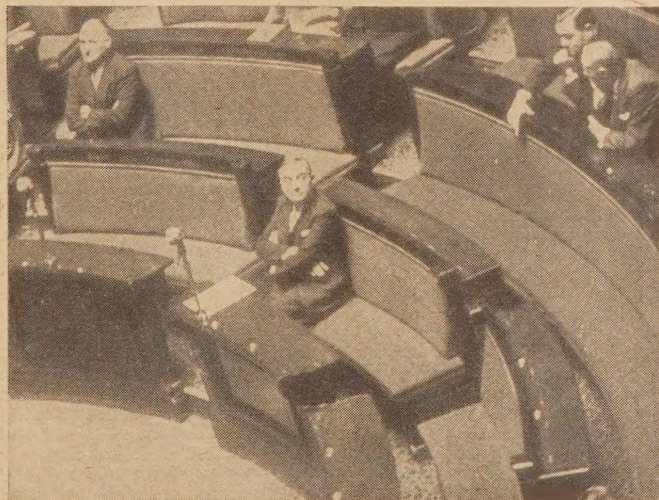
many people tend to assume that a two-party system is normal in a democracy. And that view is neither logical, nor in accordance with the facts. Men's tastes and ideas are so varied that the logical thing to expect in any country would be an enormous number of parties, each representing a different combination of our varying preferences. And, in simple fact, a many-party system is the rule: two-party systems scarcely exist at all except in those countries to which British habits of mind have been transported, by emigration or by education. The French habit of mind requires half-a-dozen or more bodies of organised opinion and it needs an electoral system that will give them all some distinct representation in parliament. So we must begin by taking that for granted if we are going to think usefully about France's difficulties.

Another common proposal for reform is that French Prime Ministers, or French governments, should have the right to dissolve the National Assembly and hold a general election, either whenever they are defeated or if they are defeated within some fixed period, say, eighteen months, as M. Reynaud recently proposed. This idea is based on the belief that the fear of dissolution is what makes British M.P.s sometimes vote for measures they do

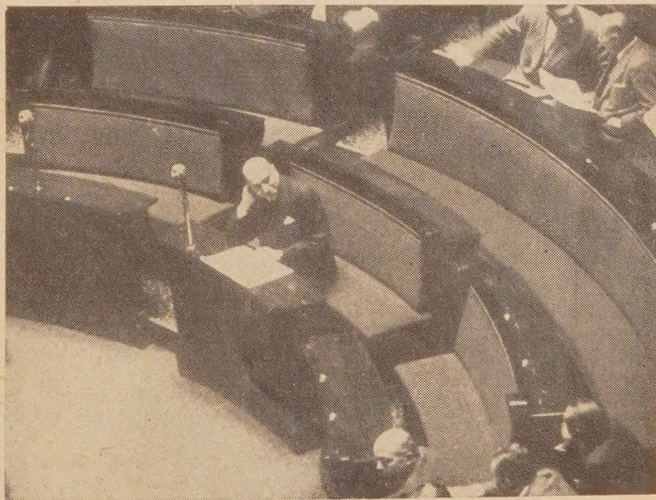
not like, and so keep governments in office. I do not think that this is true any longer in British politics, and I do not think it would have the results that are expected from it in France. Many French deputies, like many British M.P.s, have safe seats and therefore no reason to be afraid of a dissolution. In France they can even defy their own parties and still be reasonably sure of re-election, and they



M. Joseph Laniel, the new Prime Minister of France



Two of the four unsuccessful candidates for the premiership: M. Georges Bidault (who failed by one vote)—



—and M. André Marie, photographed as each sat on the government benches on the day he sought a vote of confidence



can often actually help to make their party more popular and their own seat safer by voting against a government in which their party is represented. So I am quite sure they would continue to do that and to bring governments down, even if a dissolution were a possible consequence.

This out-of-date theory about the right of dissolution has already got the French into trouble. The 1946 Constitution gave the French Prime Minister the right to ask for a dissolution in certain very limited circumstances, but he has been made to pay a high price for that right because he is in a very different position from that of the British Prime Minister. He has none of the authority that comes from being leader of the party that got a majority of votes at the last election. He often, indeed, comes from a very small party and he is not necessarily its leader. It was partly because the French did not want to give even a limited right of dissolution to a member of a minority group that the 1946 constitution required prospective Prime Ministers to get a vote of confidence from at least half the deputies—not just half of those who vote, but half the total number. This has made it much more difficult to find a Prime Minister than it otherwise would be. During the last crisis, for instance, four prospective Prime Ministers each got a majority of votes, but it took five weeks and five attempts before anybody got the required majority of half the deputies. This is one of the rules that the new amendments will abolish, and it is a very sensible change.

A further suggestion now being made should help, too. The 1946 constitution says that parliament may not hand over to anybody else its right to make laws. That was intended to prevent a repetition of 1940, when parliament in effect handed its powers over to a would-be dictator, Marshal Pétain. But the rule has had the result of preventing post-war parliaments from doing what pre-war parliaments did a dozen times. When deputies or parties had not the courage to vote for measures that were necessary but unpopular, they handed over their powers for a time to the government, which then did the unpopular things. It was a cowardly device, but it helped the French through precisely the kind of difficulty they are now in. I think the next set of amendments will bring back this old procedure.

But these two reforms together will take France only a step or two further on a road that is now familiar, the road back to the Third Republic, and that is not enough. Today, in a world in which even the most conservative believe in a high degree of government planning, governments need to stay in office much longer than they did under the Third Republic: long enough to make plans and carry them out; long enough for people to see the popular fruits of unpopular measures, and that means periods, not of months, but of years.

### Dutch Practice and French Practice

How can that be obtained? French experts have suggested some further constitutional changes: give governments control of the parliamentary time-table, which they have not now got, and give them the right to pilot their own bills through the Assembly, instead of leaving them to over-powerful committees, which maul them beyond recognition. Those are sensible suggestions, too, but they still seem to me to be based far too much on imitation of Great Britain. The models which the French ought to be studying are other multi-party countries, where governments stay in office long enough to plan and carry through a policy. The most obvious example of this is Holland, and there is one striking difference between Dutch practice and French practice, which I believe gives us the key to the problem.

In Holland, no party enters a government until all the prospective partners have agreed on a precise programme, and explained the agreement to their own rank and file. That often takes several weeks, but the result is that M.P.s of the parties that form the government regard themselves as government parties and go on voting for the government as long as it sticks to the agreed programme. In France, you never get this clear-cut division between government parties and opposition parties. No French deputy feels an obligation to vote for a government, even if his own party is represented in it, because he is never sure that his allies will support his party's proposals in turn. There is no clearly defined bargain, no proper give and take. And the reasons for that, in my view, have nothing to do with political institutions: they are in the minds of men.

The first of them is intolerance, an unwillingness to make the kind of mutual concessions without which government is impossible. I do not mean that concessions are never made. They are made probably more frequently than in Great Britain, but they are made so belatedly and ungraciously that they provoke mistrust instead of confidence. Have

you ever watched two French motorists who looked as if they were going to collide at a cross-roads? If you have, you must have noticed what happens: they both accelerate and at the very last split-second one of them forces the other to swerve and cram on his brakes. French politics is just like that, and far too often the brakes fail to work.

Frenchmen know about this trait in their character and they will tell you that it is there because they are incurably individualist. This, I am perfectly sure, is a libel on themselves. The 1,500,000 Frenchmen who died in two world wars were actuated by patriotism, which is the very opposite of individualism. The men and women who died heroic and anonymous deaths in revolutions and resistance movements throughout the past century-and-a-half were not behaving like individualists, nor are the trade unionists who come out on strike for causes that quite often can bring no immediate benefit to themselves.

These and many other examples show that the public spirit is there: but it needs training and directing. In Britain and the Scandinavian countries, for instance, it is trained and directed by 10,000 organisations standing between the individual and the state. Organisations such as local government bodies, trade unions, sports clubs, church clubs, debating societies, dramatic societies, Boy Scouts, and all the rest: all these teach through experience the fundamental fact of public life—that men and women cannot live in communities without an enormous amount of willing give-and-take. In France there are many fewer voluntary organisations and the law actually discourages their formation. I think the French would be wise to repeal all the laws that set out to discourage these private associations, and instead to make a deliberate and concerted attempt to multiply intermediary bodies, including local government bodies, with real power, at every stage. It will take a long time for that to produce results, but I think it has to come.

The second root problem is the lack of modern political and economic education. A century ago, when general principles were still being worked out, Frenchmen had the most advanced political education in the world. Today, with economic problems in the forefront, they have fallen behind. Too many of them still think their country is self-supporting and that life will go on just the same, even if there is no government at all. Too many of them, though they can recognise a threat of invasion or of military defeat, and call on their patriotism to meet it, cannot recognise a threat of economic defeat and would not know how to meet it if they could.

I believe that French political parties—and all the other bodies too—will have some day to face the fact that the political and economic re-education of the elector is part of their job. Not education in the general principles of dead issues, like monarchism or republicanism, Marxism or anti-Marxism, clericalism or anti-clericalism, but education in the hard facts of modern economic life. It might not pay at first, but somebody has to begin, and I believe that the first party to try it would reap a rich harvest of votes in the long run. I believe that, because I believe that the French people have kept their courage and their patriotism, their public spirit and their willingness to face hard realities. Those who no longer have that faith in the French people can and will disagree with me.—*Home Service*

Broadcasting in 'Radio Newsreel' at the beginning of the week THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, said that the first reactions of the unions to the decrees approved by the new French Government were unfavourable, and strikes which occurred before they were published have since been renewed. Nevertheless 'The decrees relating to government servants', he explained, 'are not as far reaching as they were originally reputed to be. The raising by two years of the retiring age limit is to be optional, not compulsory; there is no longer any question of reducing the number of serving non-established personnel; merely of recruiting fewer of them in future. And there is not, after all, to be any regrading of certain categories of workers in order to make them serve longer before becoming eligible for pension. M. Edgar Faure, the Finance Minister, said that the change in the retiring age limit was for social and economic rather than purely financial reasons. The population had increased and so had the expectation of life. This meant a heavy burden on the state. And one of the dangers of having too low an age limit for retirement was that this would enable state pensioners to enter the private labour market at the expense of others. M. Faure said that decrees were not meant to be immediate "cure-alls", but they were measures whose effects would be felt over a period of years. The notable difference between what the public services decrees contained and what they were originally expected to contain has provoked considerable argument on one point—whether or not the Government was forced to change its intentions by the [first] strikes'.



# When is a Murderer Mad?

A conversation between a QUEEN'S COUNSEL and a PSYCHIATRIST on the M'Naghten Rules

**QUEEN'S COUNSEL:** If a grown-up man or woman brings about the death of someone else in this country by taking some action, the natural and probable outcome of which would be for death to result, then the aggressor will be found guilty of murder and is liable to be hanged, unless it was an accident or he was gravely provoked or—and this is the matter for us here—unless the jury have been satisfied that the person at the time he did the thing which caused the death was probably suffering from a disease of the mind, so that he did not know what he was doing; or, if he did know what he was doing, at any rate so that he did not know that what he was doing was contrary to the law. If his mental condition was abnormal, but nevertheless he did know what he was doing, or knew that what he was doing was contrary to the law, then he does not get the protection of a verdict from the jury of 'guilty but insane'.

What I have just done is to give a sort of child's guide to what are called the M'Naghten Rules, and you've told me that you're proposing to argue that it's high time that they should be altered.

**Psychiatrist:** I think it necessary to amend them in order that our community should be enabled to maintain its respect for the law. Common law is at the basis of our civilisation. A system of law that has not primarily a moral basis gives rise to features that will cause that civilisation to crumble in the course of time. Our civilisation endures because the law is so greatly respected and venerated. That law is based on the idea of a free and responsible man, who can justly be punished only if he was intentionally guilty in his mind when he committed the crime with which he is charged. The public conscience has always been extremely delicate and sensitive in so far as capital punishment is concerned, hasn't it?

**Q.C.:** During the past hundred years, yes.

**Psychiatrist:** And violence is done to it if it is thought that a man can be made to suffer the supreme penalty in the absence of reasonable proof of his having had an intentionally guilty mind. The so-called M'Naghten Rules represent a genuine attempt to safeguard this all-important principle and make it as unlikely as possible for an insane person—by which I mean an irresponsible person—to be held responsible for his acts before the law. But the rules were drawn up a hundred years ago, and the notion of insanity which they embody seems to us, in 1953, extremely inadequate. When they were drawn up, man was regarded as a reasoning being: in other words, the psychology of those times took note of the life of the intellect only. Insanity, therefore, at that time, necessarily involved the idea of a defect of reason. But mental science now affirms, and with certainty, that what is at the root of much insanity is emotional disorder: very severe emotional disorder, of course. And it goes on to say—or, at least, I and many other specialists in the field of psychological medicine go on to say—that the crucial point should be not 'did the man know that what he was doing was wrong in the eyes of the law?' but 'did the man know that what he was doing was morally wrong?' In other words, did he know what he was doing was wrong, in the plain man's sense of the term 'wrong'? And, in the second place, it should be a valid defence if the accused can establish that at the time of committing the offence with which he is charged he was suffering from a disorder of emotion, such that, whilst appreciating the nature and quality of his act, and that it was wrong, he did not possess sufficient power to prevent himself from committing it. Something like that.

**Q.C.:** What you are saying is this: that the man should get off—that's to say, he shouldn't be hanged—if he was suffering from a disorder of emotion so severe that while he knew perfectly well what he was doing, and even knew perfectly well that what he was doing was morally wrong, nevertheless he was in such a frightful state of some kind or another that he felt he just had to do it; he couldn't help himself.

**Psychiatrist:** Yes, that is one of the points: I think this defect of control must be taken into consideration. But I must insist that the appreciation of the moral aspect of his act—in his own mind, that is—must be taken very much into account. Recently a young man strangled his sister. He was suffering from a form of mental disorder which we

can call melancholia, with the usual or frequent type of melancholic delusion that goes with that mental disorder. He imagined that he had not himself got long to live and that his father would also die shortly, although there was no reason for supposing anything of the kind. And it seemed to him that it was his moral duty to put his sister out of the way, because there would be no one left to look after her. That man knew and understood the nature and quality of his act, to quote the M'Naghten Rules again. He also knew that what he was proposing to do was against the law and punishable by law. But if he had been asked whether what he was proposing to do was morally right or morally wrong, he would have said unhesitatingly not only that his proposed act was morally right, but inevitable, and that he would do the same thing in the same circumstances over again.

**Q.C.:** It's the case of the fellow who does know what he's doing, and he knows that it's wrong, but he's what the ordinary man would call 'crazy' or 'dotty', and then we start worrying our heads about the M'Naghten Rules, which, of course, are not definitions of insanity; they are simply rules which lay down the degree of responsibility of insane persons.

**Psychiatrist:** In Scotland—and I think it has been so for the past hundred years—the jury are entitled, in accordance with the evidence, to bring in a verdict of 'guilty but with *diminished* responsibility'.

**Q.C.:** In recent years it looks, from the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, as though the authorities in Scotland—and I include the judicial authorities—are beginning to think that perhaps that has gone a bit too far. The thing that worries me is that, if they are a little anxious about it in Scotland, I am certain it's because you would find a difficulty with your presentation of the matter in court. This is something rather like our old friend that everybody's heard of, 'the irresistible impulse', and it's extraordinarily difficult, I think, to imagine that being *simply* put forward, so that it can be understood by juries who are simple folk, and judges who are not trained in psychiatry, in mental disease knowledge.

**Psychiatrist:** I do not think it is impossible, or even all that difficult, for an expert witness, whether he be a doctor or an electronic engineer or an expert in patency law, to put his points in such a way as for them to be intelligible to what we can call the man in the street—the type of man who sits on a jury.

**Q.C.:** I believe the experience of my profession has been that it's only once in a blue moon that you get an expert—whether it's a medical expert, an engineering expert, or a chemist—who is able to put his facts in simple and intelligible language in court in the witness box. They don't do themselves justice, very often they find themselves incapable of adopting language which will be readily and quickly understood by the judge, let alone the jury.

**Psychiatrist:** But the remedy, to a certain extent I think, is in your own hands. If counsel were to take their expert witnesses through their evidence beforehand and advise against the use of technical terms which would not be readily understood, I think that the kind of evidence given by expert witnesses would be more acceptable both to judge and jury.

**Q.C.:** All I can tell you is that our experience shows that, if a solicitor or counsel does endeavour to coach the man, not as to what the content of his evidence is but to try and teach him to be simple about it, the expert thinks that the lawyer is being an ass, and that he is readily understood. Or, when he gets into the witness box, for some mysterious reason his incomprehensibility breaks out like a sort of rash all over him, and one becomes hopelessly lost before a jury in an absolute jungle of what seems to them to be mere jargon. It is a very real point indeed. Whereas, if the mental condition of the man who has done the killing is examined carefully in the quiet of, say, the Home Secretary's room, with all the reports being looked at not only by the Home Secretary, who is probably a calm and experienced man, but also by the officials, who are in no way likely to be prejudiced, then you get an utterly different atmosphere from the one in court, where, many of us fear gravely, you may find a situation developing in which the expert cannot be simple and is not understood. And then you may have the



most frightful miscarriage of justice even under your amended laws.

**Psychiatrist:** But I should like to remind you that in every case in which a statutory enquiry has been instituted there has already been all that hideous, distorted drama of a person of unsound mind being condemned to death in court.

**Q.C.:** Yes, I have known it again and again. I have known the awful feeling, when one started at the Bar, that one would have to sit there and listen to this thing that sometimes is a mockery. You hear the awful words of the death sentence and you hear the parson saying 'Amen', and so on, and you know that in fact it is not going to be carried out: I must admit that that is simply appalling. But let us explain what the statutory enquiry is. If a man has been found guilty and sentenced to death, then if the state of his mind is at all in question the Home Secretary will appoint three doctors who will go into it and report to him. Now consider this for a moment. Supposing you have the law you want, that is to say, the jury have power to find on sound medical evidence that the man is of diminished responsibility, because he's a bit cracked, and the jury have rejected that evidence...

**Psychiatrist:** Very cracked, if you don't mind my interrupting.

**Q.C.:** All right, very cracked... The man is sentenced to death. The question of his mentality has already been raised in court; it has been thrashed out by witnesses on one side or the other. The Secretary of State then, nevertheless, feels that it's his duty to have his own three people whom he's appointed—very distinguished mental specialists—to go and look at the man. On the report, he is inclined to think that this is a case of diminished responsibility. Don't you agree with me that his hands would be frighteningly tied, because if he's going to say that there is diminished responsibility, when that very question—which is not decided by the jury at the present date—has been decided by the jury and *against* the man, the public might think, in the case of an individual Home Secretary, or several Home Secretaries, that it didn't matter in the least the jury having come to the conclusion that the man was guilty, absolutely up to the hilt—that is to say with no question of diminished responsibility—because in fact the Home Secretary was substituting his own views. Do you see the danger?

**Psychiatrist:** I do see the difficulty. I don't object to the word danger. But I think that the prerogative of mercy would be employed in the circumstances, rightly and properly, even if the Home Secretary of the day did, on occasions, require considerable moral courage to face up to possible adverse public opinion. And it does occur to me that if the M'Naghten Rules were amended there would be less likelihood of a statutory enquiry wishing to go against the jury's verdict than there is at present.

**Q.C.:** I cannot get out of my mind recollections of witnesses, who have got something important to say, doing it so badly, incapable of being controlled even by the most skilful counsel, that you may get an unjust view forming in the minds of the jury—and the judge. The judge is completely untrained in psychiatry; there is no examination he has had to pass. He has picked up a good deal, of course, in his practice at the Bar and on the Bench, but nevertheless it isn't too easy.

Take the case which is generally called 'Drunk in charge of a motor-car'. It's absolutely plain sailing. The policeman gives his evidence—how the accused was staggering about and his breath smelt and his eyes had their pupils dilated and what-not—it seems absolutely straightforward, and then, when the medical gentlemen get into the witness box on one side or the other, it turns out apparently to be a most tremendously complicated affair, and I am not satisfied, from what I've watched and seen, that you're always getting the right results.

**Psychiatrist:** I don't think it is easy for a jury to come to a decision on a point such as 'Drunk in charge of a car'. In the same way I think it is often extremely difficult for a jury to get clearly into their heads all the issues involved when they have to decide whether a person charged with homicide was so *provoked* as to justify a verdict of manslaughter, as opposed to a verdict of murder.

**Q.C.:** That is quite a good point.

**Psychiatrist:** In other words, it seems to me that mental science is not really much more difficult to understand than other sorts of complicated issues which have to be decided in open court if our system of justice is to be maintained.

**Q.C.:** What I fear is this: in the dock in one court is an ugly, horrible-looking man; in another court a rather nice-looking woman, mother of several children; or a most respectable father, first-class war record, decent-living fellow, and so on—in those cases it is human nature for juries to feel well disposed towards the person in the dock—they cannot help it. They are not accustomed to being so, perhaps, cold as we all are, in trying to get to the truth. The medical gentleman

then goes into the witness box and he gives forth some evidence which gives the jury a straw to catch at to let the man or the woman off. It's this human side of it that frightens me: you have this unbounded belief in not merely the common sense but the detachedness of juries. Many lawyers will tell you that they wouldn't make much money at all if in fact that was the case!

**Psychiatrist:** I am much more concerned, perhaps, with the other type of person, who makes a very bad impression, for one reason or another, against whom a verdict might perhaps be brought in unjustly; and that is one of the very reasons why I should be opposed to the abolition of the statutory enquiry, because it's just that kind of miscarriage of justice, if you can call it that, which a statutory enquiry might put right.

**Q.C.:** Tell me what kinds of mental disorder might fail to be covered by the M'Naghten Rules as they stand at present. You gave us melancholia. What about delusions?

**Psychiatrist:** Here's an example. Supposing, in my delusional system, I am convinced that you are the head of a gang who are out to injure me in reputation and in property, or even are prepared to take my life, that you listen-in to my conversations by means of electrical apparatus, that you arrange for my room to be filled with poisoned gas, and so on. And suppose I go to the police and demand protection, and the police, very rightly, pooh-pooh it. In my delusional state I may feel it's morally right, even as an act of protection, to take your life, although I would know that that was against the law.

**Q.C.:** That is a good example, but you must admit there would be no question here but that that particular man would be reprieved.

**Psychiatrist:** He would be reprieved after being condemned to death.

**Q.C.:** Yes, that is true. What about the schizophrenics—the split-minded people?

**Psychiatrist:** They present considerable difficulties, because although in well-established schizophrenia the accused may well be able to establish a plea of 'guilty but insane' under the M'Naghten Rules as they stand today, yet in *early* schizophrenia that may be very difficult to do.

**Q.C.:** And what about the 'aggressive psychopath'? What is he according to your definition?

**Psychiatrist:** A psychopath is extremely hard to define. Psychopaths are people who seem unable, from early childhood days onward, to develop what the ordinary man in the street calls 'a conscience', because although they may appreciate intellectually that certain acts are anti-social, they cannot feel that they are. The aggressive type of psychopath is one who responds to the inevitable frustrations with which life faces him by aggressive conduct, often to the point of violence, even to the point of homicide, and it would seem that such a person has next to no control over his violent impulses when provoked.

**Q.C.:** What he sounds like to me is a fellow who doesn't respond to love, affection—it means nothing to him. Nor does he respond if he's smacked at school or punished in an early part of his life, or punished by imprisonment when he grows up—that's the sort of fellow, is it?

**Psychiatrist:** That's the sort of fellow.

**Q.C.:** And so if he goes and murders my grandmother, what would happen would be that he should be found of diminished responsibility and retire, presumably to Broadmoor, to comparative comfort, I imagine, for the remainder of his days. They are not curable, are they?

**Psychiatrist:** They are not curable.

**Q.C.:** Of course, I know what a lot of people would say—it's a fearfully dangerous attitude of mind, but it's very human—'What on earth's the use of keeping somebody like that alive?'

**Psychiatrist:** That, as you have yourself admitted, is an extremely dangerous thing to say, because if you admit issues of that kind you undercut the whole moral basis of law. A person cannot *incur* guilt, let alone be considered guilty, if he is not morally responsible for his actions, and what I am pleading for is an extension of the notions which govern our idea of moral responsibility, *vis-à-vis* the law.

I would be against taking away from the judiciary what is traditionally, in common law, their right to decide, and placing such issues in the hands of the executive. As I have said before, I think there is still a place for the statutory enquiry, but I would still like to see the main issues decided by a jury instructed by a judge.

**Q.C.:** This is a heavenly situation we have at last reached: generally the doctors think the lawyers are all wrong; the lawyers are always supposed to think that the doctors are all wrong; and here is a very distinguished doctor indeed telling me that really the people who are ideal for a difficult job—the people who ought to be entrusted with this thing and one needn't worry at all—are a jury.—*Home Service*



## Toleration—III

## What Are the Limits of Tolerance?

By EUGEN GERSTENMAIER

A SHORT time ago, there was a long discussion in one of the little wine cellars in Strasbourg. For the most part it was a tranquil and thoughtful discussion, though there were moments of excitement, too. The participants were an exiled Sudeten German, a Catholic from Westphalia, a radio commentator from Berlin, and a south German Protestant. Almost insensibly they had passed from the political topics of the hour to a discussion of one of those underlying questions which rouse excitement, and even passion, wherever they are touched upon, but especially in Germany today. What are the limits of tolerance? What *ought* its limits to be? Where must the line be drawn?

## Mutual Respect

The Sudeten German was highly critical of the effort which is being made by the Catholic Bishops of Germany to set up confessional or church schools. He said that church schools meant a declaration of war against tolerance in the social life of the state, for they would educate the children from the very beginning in intolerance, or at least they would not teach them to have a proper understanding of the other person's point of view. The Westphalian Catholic, on the other hand, maintained that in every freely constituted state the parents must have the right to decide how their children should be brought up, and that it did not lie in the power of any state authority either to attack or to limit this right for any reasons of state expediency. Neither the Sudeten German nor the Westphalian so much as mentioned the question of mutual tolerance between the two confessions of Protestant and Catholic. The reason for this silence was that it was a matter of course for them both that one had to practise *religious* tolerance, and that the Christian confessions in particular had to tolerate and, indeed, respect one another.

I think that there is something characteristic here of our spiritual and social development. In Germany, both before and during the Thirty Years' War, the conflict between Protestants and Catholics was as bitter and violent as in the Huguenot wars in France and the Civil War in England. The memory of that time has never been quite blotted out in Germany. For centuries the great confessions faced one another with their weapons ready. With certain exceptions, mutual tolerance consisted far more in a cool separation of the opponents, in an armistice between the confessions, than in a free affirmation or appreciation of the life and point of view of the other side. The National Socialist tyranny brought about a profound transformation in this situation. Both Churches, the Protestant and the Catholic, lived under and suffered this totalitarian dictatorship. Both confessions were attacked with increasing harshness. And it was not simply this or that detail in the life of the Churches which was bitterly fought over in those years; but the attack from the side of the state came from its claim to be omnipotent, and it attacked the whole life of the Church, it attacked the Churches in themselves. The clearer this became, the more the Churches drew together in common defence, and the more they found themselves side by side, these two religious societies which had been separated for centuries, in a common resistance to the totalitarian power of the state.

After the abortive plot of July 20, 1944, the Jesuit Father Delp, from Munich, and I, a Lutheran theologian, stood side by side in the dock. He died on the gallows; he died because he had given all he had for a freely constituted German state, based on the rule of law. Not once had he taken part in an act of violence against the National-Socialist state. He died for one reason alone—because he was quietly and firmly convinced that there are certain fixed limits to state power and that every state has not merely the right but the obligation to practise tolerance. The limits of the state has been one of the great themes since the replacement of absolutism by constitutional monarchy and the modern constitutional state. This theme has persisted since the destruction of the National-Socialist state and it is still one of the burning problems today. Bishop Dibelius of Berlin, for instance, the head of the Protestant Church in Germany, is now, as he was in the time of

National-Socialism, a thoughtful and resolute guardian on this frontier of state power. He is one of those men of the Church who have realised that it is not enough for the Church merely to be tolerated or given privileges by an all-powerful state; but that the state must keep within its frontiers, and not step over them either in the name of the welfare of its citizens or in pursuit of its own power and glory.

The measure of tolerance in a state should not be left to the discretion of a government which happens to be in power. It must rather be guaranteed by law, and any violation should be punished by the state itself. The amount of tolerance in a state is measured by the amount of freedom which is guaranteed. Every Christian and every Church should see to it not merely that the state tolerates Christianity, but that the freedom of human life is preserved. In the struggle which is going on at present between the Churches and the communist rulers in the Russian-occupied zone of Germany, the issue is not just the right of this or that church institution to continue its existence; but the issue is that of the very last foundation on which human freedom itself is based.

In such a struggle there is no point in recommending both sides to adopt an attitude of mutual tolerance, as some well-meaning or muddle-headed people do. Our generation has to learn afresh the bitter lesson that there are situations in which a man must stake all he has for his basic rights. That there are times when he must stake his life for the sake of his freedom. This means that intolerance can be tolerated only to a certain extent. Grave-diggers of freedom should not be tolerated at all; not even when you decide not to resort to force. To resist aggressive intolerance even without the aid of weapons is certainly not to tolerate it. Even the slightest realisation of what our generation has lived through will show that tolerance in and for itself may mean little or nothing positive. Merely to live and let live can be positive or negative, it can be praiseworthy or it can be reprehensible. To tolerate anarchy is surely as great a human failure as to tolerate tyranny.

All the same, the danger of our time seems to me to lie not so much in the toleration of anarchy as in the uncertainty of the state, which is Public Security No. 1, about its own limits. There are not only serious symptoms of this uncertainty, but weighty reasons why it should be so. The mass states of the modern world struggle incessantly to assert themselves, both inwardly and outwardly. There is a peculiar interaction between the two. The mass-man of today, without any station in life, is far more dependent on the state than the man who had his place in the ordered society of the past. The individual in his need of security asks for and reaches out for the state far more today than he did in the past; and this is true not only in his relation to the police and to the law, but above all in his economic and social needs. And in their turn the spheres in which the state is competent expand all the time. The mass world, which is struggling to find a form for itself, both demands and develops a maximal state which will organise man more and more from the cradle to the grave.

## A Little House and 137 Metres of Forms

This is true even of states which are not in the least totalitarian. The western democracies are also threatened by this growth of the maximal state. Man's freedom is threatened by the ceaseless extension of its boundaries, even where freedom seems to be assured by means of a democratic constitution and its correct parliamentary control. At a recent meeting of the German Smallholders' Association in Bonn it was pointed out that a man who wants to build a little house has to secure so many official permits that the paper forms, if they were laid end to end, would stretch for 137 metres. The notion that the average man of today can be happy only if he is 'socially secure' in the ways prescribed by the state, has come to be naively accepted by state authorities in much the same way as the folly of the Inquisition when it believed that it was working for the salvation of imperilled souls.

What is the consequence of all this? First, every development of the maximal state, whether it is held over men's heads in the name of

(continued on page 265)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Mr. Malenkov's speech to the Supreme Soviet

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## Unanswered Questions

**I**N his talk on Los Alamos which we reproduce this week, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy asks two pertinent questions. The first relates to the gulf that exists between the scientific world and the natural world. Can this gulf be bridged? Or must the two worlds continue to grow further apart and the inhabitants of each become even greater strangers to one another than they are at present? That is the first question. The second concerns the use to which atomic energy, 'the most important discovery since gunpowder or the steam engine, and vastly more powerful than either', is going to be put. Are we to follow past precedents and allow this new discovery to be used for purposes both good and bad? Or are we, in Mr. Kennedy's phrase, to take one side of the fence, in other words to use it for the benefit, not for the destruction, of mankind? Mr. Kennedy confesses that he does not know the answers to these questions but thinks that both require an answer—and that soon.

The questions, of course, are not new. They are questions that a great many thoughtful people have been asking themselves and others ever since the release of atomic energy and all that it implies, entered the sphere of practical affairs. They are questions that in one way and another have formed the substance of innumerable broadcast talks that over the years have been printed in this journal. They are questions that our recent correspondents on 'Science and Responsibility' have been considering. They are questions, one may hope, that men will go on thinking and talking about, for in rational thought and discussion lies the best prospect of discovering the answer. The fatal thing would be to ignore such questions, to brush them aside as subjects whose implications are too unpleasant, indeed too awful, to contemplate, or to spurn them as questions to which there is no answer anyway—so why worry? Incidentally, there is a good case to be made out for unanswerable questions being the only ones really worth considering.

However, while most of us would admit to sharing Mr. Kennedy's ignorance of the answers to these questions, there is no final and determining reason why sooner or later—and clearly the sooner the better—they should not be answered sensibly and sanely. That is to say, there is no insuperable reason why man should not be the master, instead of the slave, of the powers he has wrested from nature. Indeed Mr. Kennedy himself suggests at least a beginning of the process when he talks about the desirability of the 'specialists that we all are' finding a common meeting-place. We are all—it has been said before—in the same boat. If, as specialists of one kind or another, we inhabit separate worlds, as human beings we live in the same one. To none of us—however much anyone might wish otherwise—are the affairs of this world alien. To treat them as if they were is either to renounce the world and all its works (and the implications of complete renunciation are not always fully realised), or to shirk a responsibility which, if not as men, at all events as citizens of a self-governing country, each one of us must recognise. For a scientist to shut himself in his laboratory and declare his indifference to what goes on outside it (save perhaps so far as his supply of test-tubes is affected), or for a specialist in some branch of the humanities to closet himself not only with his books but also with a deep unconcern for the affairs of men—such attitudes make at best a questionable contribution towards solving the world's problems. 'We regard the man who takes no part in public affairs', declared Pericles, 'not as one who minds his own business but as good for nothing'. These surely are wise words and, like a good many other observations that have come down to us from the ancient world, they have an application.

WESTERN COMMENTATORS interpreted Mr. Malenkov's address to the Supreme Soviet on August 8 as, in the main, an effort to convince the Soviet people and the outside world of the strength of the Soviet Union and to conceal the disunity in the highest ranks of the Soviet leadership which has been made so evident by the fall of Beria. While refraining from saying anything about the cause of Beria's fall or whether there would be a trial, Mr. Malenkov insisted that his dismissal was not a sign of weakness. In the context of what the Soviet Premier called 'convincing facts which refute all talk about the weakness of the Soviet Union', Mr. Malenkov announced:

The Soviet Government considers it necessary to inform you that the U.S. does not have a monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb.

(This announcement by Mr. Malenkov was made on the same day that the Supreme Soviet approved the budget for 1953—which included a reduction of some three per cent. in military expenditure). Mr. Malenkov, in his address, referred to a lessening of international tension, re-affirmed Soviet belief in peaceful negotiations, and spoke of the demand for talks at the highest level. On Germany, he stated that the Soviet Union would never agree to a revival of German militarism; and claimed that there would have been serious international consequences if Soviet 'restraint and moderation' had not liquidated the recent riots in east Germany, which he described as instigated by foreign imperialists. On the Far East, Mr. Malenkov declared that Communist China must be admitted to the United Nations; he also announced that his government would allot 1,000,000,000 roubles (90,000,000 pounds) for Korean rehabilitation.

Mr. Malenkov's speech came three days after the publication of the Soviet reply—also broadcast widely—to the western notes proposing a meeting of the four Foreign Ministers on Germany and Austria. Western commentators found the Soviet reply discouraging—particularly on the following scores: the suggestion that China should be represented at the conference; that the question of German unity and a peace treaty should be settled before any discussion of free all-German elections; and that the talks should include discussion of such subjects as banning military bases in foreign countries.

From the U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted for the views—expressed also by many other western sources—that while the Soviet reply was discouraging, the very vagueness of its phraseology could still leave the door open for further negotiation. The paper went on:

Possibly because of their own internal dissensions, they might be seeking to postpone serious discussion of any concrete issue by expanding the conference scope to the wide blue yonder, which might require another preliminary agenda conference to set bounds to it. At the same time, this tactic also enables them to throw into the discussion problems with which they hope to divide the west such as the problem of China.

*The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying that however the west reacted, it must now agree to a conference, if only to demonstrate its good faith. From Switzerland, *Bund* was quoted for the view that the Soviet note evaporated the so-called new conciliatory policy adopted by Moscow since Stalin's death.

The Soviet budget, which included provision for more consumer goods and also tax concessions for the peasants, was the subject of a laudatory article in the Soviet youth paper, quoted by Moscow radio. Claiming that this 'people's budget' revealed 'the great concern of the party and government for Soviet man', the broadcast added:

How lovely, how joyful it is to live and work in the land of the Soviets, where everything is done for the complete satisfaction of the growing material and cultural needs of Man!

*The New York Times* saw things quite differently. Pointing out that the Supreme Soviet, which met among other things to approve the budget, was nothing more than a facade, it was quoted as observing that its recent session at any rate served one purpose:

The Supreme Soviet does offer a convenient forum for the 'collective leadership' to show which of its members is still alive and in good favour, as well as to enunciate the post-Beria policy line. Certainly there is nothing in the record of this so-called legislature for us to anticipate that it reflects in any way the aspirations of over 200,000,000 Soviet citizens who suffer Kremlin oppression.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE BATTLE OF THE SKIRT

SPEAKING ON the recent displays of model clothes in Paris in 'Radio Newsreel' THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, said: 'It is one man who has put the cat among the pigeons; he did it in 1946 with what was then called the New Look, which suddenly lengthened the skirt from just below the knee to well below the calf, and now he has reversed the process, shortening the skirt by a full four inches. All the other designers who have exhibited so far have either kept the length where it was or have even made it slightly longer. So now the battle of the skirt is on. And judging by street polls being carried out by various newspapers, the majority of women appear to be opposed to revealing more of their legs. As for the man in the street, the poll indicates that he, too, on the whole thinks that a short skirt is less graceful. Among the neutrals is a well-known writer, aged eighty-one. When he was approached on the subject he replied gloomily: "What can it matter to me!"'

'The leader of the change has enormous prestige both in France and throughout the world. But he has powerful and brilliant rivals who are not likely to admit defeat in a hurry. Perhaps the people most concerned are the buyers, for the models they buy are used for copying on a huge scale. If the buyers guess wrong they will get it in the neck when they return home, and their firms will lose heavily. And it matters to the textile manufacturers, too, whether the new fashion calls for less material or not. The final arbiters, of course, will be the women themselves, and until they have made up their minds, both schools will go on being torn between hopes and fears'.

## A NEGLECTED ITALIAN PAINTER

Both before and since the war, Venice has organised a series of exhibitions to commemorate the great painters of the Venetian school which flourished early in the sixteenth century. This year's exhibition has particular interest because it is devoted to an outcast of that school—to a Venetian who was contemporary with Giorgione and Titian and the other great artists of the period, but who remained outside the tradition they were creating and who was neglected by the city of his birth. He was Lorenzo Lotto, who lived most of his life in virtual exile from Venice, and who died in poverty.

Today Lorenzo Lotto is recognised as a great and restless genius who wanted to experiment rather than be tied down to the conventions of the Venetian school. CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in Italy, has described in 'The Eye-witness' the collection of Lotto's pictures, assembled in the Palace of the Doges.

'The paintings', he said, 'now on show at Venice are remarkable for their variety, not so much in subject as in treatment. Some art critics have consequently spent much time and trouble tracing the influence of a wide range of other painters on Lotto, ranging even as far afield as the Germans, such as Dürer, or the Flemish school. But while these influences are undoubtedly to be found, a much greater element in this variety is Lotto's own impulse to explore new techniques. And so it is that we seem to recognise in some of these works anticipations of the violent experiments with light and darkness which were later carried out by Caravaggio, the still greater innovations of Rembrandt, and even of the French impressionists of the nineteenth century.'

'In one of the last of his known works—a presentation of Jesus at the Temple—which was executed in religious retirement at Loreto

when the painter was some seventy years old, the extraordinary effect of the subdued colours—dusky yellows, greys, and browns—is achieved by a new technique of brushwork which lays the pigment on in a series of separate touches. One great art historian has called this the most modern painting achieved by an ancient Italian master, with anticipation of the style of Manet and Degas. Lorenzo Lotto was thus a prophet without much honour in his own country during his lifetime. And, perhaps,



Two examples of the work of Lorenzo Lotto: 'The Betrothed'—

because it is so difficult to fit him in to the main stream of Italian art, he has remained until now in considerable obscurity. A collectors' painter, yes, but without proper representation in any one of the great art galleries of Italy.

'The pictures now assembled in Venice come from all parts of the world. One had found its way as far off from Italy as the South Seas. And those which have stayed in Italy have remained in the smaller provincial centres where they were originally painted or commissioned. Several of the great religious paintings have been moved for the first time from the country churches where they have been kept since the sixteenth century. Now, at last, Lorenzo Lotto is receiving the honour due to him, and for the first time it is possible for the layman to appreciate the strength and variety of his work'.



—and, a contrast in style, the 'Portrait of an Old Man in Black'

## THE LAST BUGLE

In a Home Service talk, VICARS BELL remarked how, in almost any country pub, one of the most ancient of all the 'folk arts' remains untouched by the mad rush of time—for there you will find one or more true storytellers at work. Each has his own tale, or collection of tales—and time after time they are related in the same words, with the same pregnant pauses and changes of pace. And each is strictly copyright. Just occasionally, Fred Haynes may tell one of Harry Trigg's stories—but not without the decent acknowledgment:.



'I s'pose you've 'eared ole 'Arry's story 'bout the blacksmith and Parson Elder's ducks?'

And there is no stock pattern to them, only an infinite variety. Where else, for instance, would you find such another story as that of the Ringshall Band? Old Billy Maunders told it—quietly, simply, with a kind of naive astonishment that things should have fallen out as they did. He carefully lowered his mug to the table.

'I 'ear the Legion's 'avin the Berkoh Silver Band up for Armistice'.

'Ar. Did ever you 'ear tell o' the Ringshall Band? Well, there was a foo of us young chaps used to get together, round Christmas, and we 'ad a sort of a band, see? There was two on us 'ad boogies, and there were a drum, an' 'Arry 'ad his fiddle, an' two o' the chaps as was in the Volunteers, they 'ad their fifes, an' we used to practise a foo carols loike, an' then goo round collectin' for the football, or summat loike that, see?

'Well, one year, we 'ad one or two at Ringshall, afore we started, then we come on down the village a'playing. I 'ad a boogle. Time we gets down 'ere—oo, I were thirsty; so we 'as one or two more, see, an' on we goos.

'Then we gets to ole Colonel Wheatley's. Well 'e weren't a Colonel, not rightly, no more'n what I are; but 'e were in the Volunteers an' 'e loike t'be called Colonel, an' that didn' 'urt us.

'An' 'e says to us:

'“Sh'd you loike a drop o' Scotch?”' 'e says.

'Now as a rule 'e weren't a chap as'd give anythink away; but this toime, as I tell yer, 'e says “Sh'd you loike a drop o' Scotch!”

'Well, o'course we 'ad it; and then we goos orf down the village a-blowing and a-scraping away like mad. Come twelve o'clock time, ole Charlie Wright as was our sort of a conductor loike, 'e says to us—“Well, chaps, we done very well. So we'll jest goo up the lane and give old 'Arris a tune”, 'e says, “an' then we'll make for 'ome”.

'So we gets down to ole Reggie 'Arrises' place—(that's where Mrs. Falconer lives now, 'er as 'as them liddle ole German sausage dogs)—and Charlie says: “'E's a-bed”, 'e says, “So we'll goo in quiet like and wake 'im up. Now don't make no noise, and we'll give 'im Good King Wenceslas”' 'e says. So we good'in, and lets 'im 'ave it.

'But no loights didn' come on. So old Charlie, he says to us: “You ent blooming well blowin' 'ard enough”, 'e says. “Now then—one verse o' Christians Awake—fulltissimo”.

'So we done it.

'But still no loights didn't come on; and Charlie Wright 'e gets mad, and 'e says, “Ere, give us olter that 'ere drumstick. I'll wake the old beggar up!” And up 'e goos and 'e brings that old drumstick down with a wallop.

'Well, d'you know, we never 'eared nothink, and Charlie 'e turns round to us, and 'e says: “Chaps”, 'e says, “We bin and made blessed fools of ourselves”, 'e says. “We bin playing round a bloomin' 'ay-stack. And anyone as mentions this round the parish”, 'e says, “is dismissed outer the band”’.

## DEBIT AND CREDIT

An ancient building whose ending would have had few mourners was the Debtors' Prison, some remains of which have just been uncovered in Wood Street in the City of London. Workmen excavating a bombed site before putting up a new building have come across the remains, which DOUGLAS WILLIS described in a talk in the Home Service.

'Standing on a row of planks which have been mounted above the excavations I looked down on all that remains of the vaults where, through the centuries, thousands of people spent years of their lives before they were able to pay their debts or they died. The prison was one of two which were built by the Sheriffs in 1555. Mr. Jones, who is the Deputy Keeper of the Records of the City of London, showed me a set of rules which were drawn up by the inmates of the prison in 1727.

They elected a constable, a scavenger, and other officers, and issued twenty regulations, the first of which implored Almighty God that “He may modify the hearts of our creditors in our favour”. The prisoners resolved that, towards this end, Divine Service should be read three times a week. All the debtors undertook to pay the constable 3s. 6d. a week—they called it “garnish”—towards their food.

'Next to the excavations, below ground level, and reached by a flight of stairs covered by a canopy which has stood for 100 years, are some vaults which are now used for the storage of wine. These vaults are believed to be the only remaining part of the dungeons which housed the prisoners until 1791. The old oak and iron-plated doors of the prison have been preserved. The original staples to which the prisoners were chained are still embedded in the Elizabethan brick of the walls. And when the electric lights are turned out, the dungeon is in darkness except for a grey streak of light which filters through a small hole in the arched roof. Apart from the wine, it is all as it was 400 years ago'.

## BADGERS AT PLAY

'The majority of mammals', said ERNEST NEAL in a Third Programme talk, 'indulge in some sort of play, and badgers, in common with the majority of the carnivores, are extremely playful creatures. Besides the

boisterous play of the cubs, adult play is a normal occurrence. When the cubs appear at the set entrance for the first few times, being very small, their legs are still rather weak and their play tentative. They keep in close contact with each other and with their mother. A few weeks later when they are stronger and their actions become more vigorous, the play is really boisterous. Several patterns of play may be recognised and it is perhaps significant that these are common to several other species of mammals, including man. The first is “King-of-the-Castle”. One cub takes up a position on top of the heap of earth outside the set or some other vantage point, and the others will try to dislodge him and take up a similar position. A variation of this occurs when some



Badger cubs at play

object is disputed. I once saw this happen with five cubs when one had an empty treacle tin. The others repeatedly challenged it for possession and the noise was tremendous as the tin banged about and the cubs yelped in excitement. I have seen another variation of this type of play when one cub, having emerged from the set, tried to prevent another from coming out. The first one had the advantage of position and would bite the other on the ear as soon as it put its head out. Eventually there was a rush and a chase as the second succeeded in emerging.

'Tag is another common pattern of play. One cub chases the others until it catches one and nips it sharply; it then turns round and it is the other's turn to chase.

'It is difficult to interpret the significance of play in badgers. In kittens many playful actions are similar in pattern to those used later in hunting and this type of play no doubt co-ordinates senses with muscular movement. This is also true of badger cubs, but not to the same extent. The sow often joins in the games, although the boar normally does not. But play also occurs between adults, especially in March and April, and again in July and August. This probably has a sexual significance. It has been suggested that play is a natural way of expending excess energy. This end is doubtless achieved, but play is often too complex in form to make this a complete explanation.

'Badgers are sociable animals. Families often visit each other and play together, and I have known all the badgers in a limited area of woodland living together in the same set in August. Social behaviour is also connected with play in other mammals. You will find it in the herd animals such as sheep and deer, and there may well be a connection between the two phenomena. Be that as it may, when watching badger cubs at play you cannot help getting the impression that they are really enjoying it, and perhaps that is as good an explanation as any'.



# Which Side of the Fence?

By LUDOVIC KENNEDY

**A** FEW months ago in New York, when I was planning a trip across America, I met a man who said to me: 'Say, you going through New Mexico?' I said I was. 'Well, why don't you take in Los Alamos? It's where they make the atom bomb'. 'Why, yes', I said, 'I'd like to do that very much'—and then remembering all I'd heard about American security—'But I don't expect they welcome visitors'. 'Oh, but they do', said the man. 'I've been there myself. They'll be glad to show you round'.

So I did as the man suggested. I went to Los Alamos. Let me say at the outset that as far as any technical details of atomic energy were concerned, I was just as blissfully ignorant after my visit as I was before. I did not learn, as perhaps I had hoped I might, anything spectacular. But while I was there I was struck by a number of curious and surprising things. And as a result of these things two problems, or questions, seemed to present themselves. What the answers to those questions are, I do not know. But I would like to put them to you.

The first surprising thing was New Mexico itself. I drove into it one morning over the Colorado border, and it was, I thought, the most beautiful part of America I had yet visited. Below me lay the broad valley of the Rio Grande. The tall banks of the river were gashed by deep, rust-coloured canyons, and on either side lay the desert, its smooth pink surface spotted by the greys and greens of the cottonwood and piñon trees. Beyond the desert, twin ranges of the Rocky Mountains stretched away southwards for perhaps sixty miles, their snowy peaks shining in the morning sun. What, I thought, had this wild, silent, lovely country to do with the atom bomb? But I had learnt by now that, beautiful and varied though the American countryside is, the towns in it, and the people who live in those towns, tend to be much the same. But here again I was wrong. For a third of the popula-

tion of New Mexico were, I found, not ordinary Americans at all, but Spaniards—descendants of the early colonists; and the Spanish influence, especially in speech and architecture, could be felt everywhere. Nor were the Spaniards the only, or even the oldest, original inhabitants. As I drove down the Rio Grande valley, I passed many Indians, standing by the roadside in their multi-coloured blankets; and frequent signposts pointed the way to their reservations and pueblos—villages built of the local adobe or red clay. Even the Americans of New Mexico seemed different from most I had met—calmer somehow, less impatient, more liberal. It was as if for once they had allowed

their surroundings to influence them, instead of, as elsewhere, themselves influencing their surroundings.

But if New Mexico was the first of my surprises, Los Alamos itself was the second. When I called next morning at the offices of the Atomic Energy Commission in Santa Fé, I was met by a man (I will call him Mr. Jones), whose services were, with typical American generosity, to be lent to me for the day. I asked him where Los Alamos was. He took me to the window and pointed to one of the Rocky Mountain ranges below which I had motored the day before. 'There', he said, and I noticed his finger was very near the peak; 'up there'. We drove there that afternoon, and on the way Mr. Jones told me its history. Twelve years ago it had been a sort of glorified log-cabin which

had been a private school for boys. Then it had been taken over by the Atomic Energy Commission. Originally they had intended it as a small experimental base for perhaps 500 people. But it had grown and grown until now it was a town of nearly 15,000 people.

We turned off the main highway and began climbing into the mountains. Presently we passed an Indian pueblo. Mr. Jones told me that all its inhabitants were converted Roman Catholics. But, he said, they still practised their own religion as well, and on feast days they were to be seen dancing to the saints whose Mass they had just celebrated. A little later we came to the Los Alamos guard house, a sort of toll-gate in the scrub. We showed our passes and were allowed through. The place apparently was divided into two sections, the technical area and the non-technical area. Soon we came to the technical area, a collection of quite unremarkable, factory-like buildings surrounded by a high wire fence. This area, said Mr. Jones, was secret, and no visitors were allowed there. I have no head for mechanics, so I was relieved rather than disappointed by this news.

The non-technical area, however, said Mr. Jones, was a different matter. We could wander about there at will, and he would be glad to show it to me. And after lunch he did show it to me. He showed me the houses where the scientists lived, the shopping centre where their wives did their marketing, the buildings where their children went to school, the churches, the cinemas, the hospitals—human and animal, the social clubs, the playing-fields. And the further that Mr. Jones took me, the more astonished I was. And what astonished me was not, as I think Mr. Jones thought, the mere physical achievement of construction, but the utter unreality of it all. More and more I felt as though I were going round a film-set. For these neat little



Member of the police force of the atomic energy research station at Los Alamos, New Mexico



Children of the Los Alamos community playing in front of the church



bungalows with their trim unfenced lawns, these whitewashed churches and scrubbed schools, seemed to me to have more in common with New York than New Mexico. Certainly they had no connection with everything I had just seen on the plains below. I had been prepared for many things at Los Alamos, but what I had not bargained for was this air of domestic calm, this suburban stability.

As with the buildings, so with the inhabitants. During the afternoon we called on several scientists and their families. They came mostly from the big cities of New York and Chicago and Los Angeles. They were city men, and, like the houses in which they lived, seemed to have little in common with their natural surroundings. They, too, reflected the sense of ordinariness and normalcy. Every now and then while we were talking came the sound of sudden explosions from the technical area. I found this noise sinister and rather fascinating; but for them it had become so much a part of the routine that it passed unnoticed.

Here, then, between Los Alamos and the landscape in which it found itself, were all these vivid and startling contrasts: the physical contrast—the contrast between the pets' hospital on the hill and the adobe hut in the valley; then the human contrast—the contrast between the Chicago physicist and the Spanish priest, the one immersed in the technicalities of the machine, the other devoting his days to the pursuit of the spirit; and, finally, the historical contrast—the contrast between what Los Alamos represents in the world today and what New Mexico has traditionally represented, the contrast between so-called primitive and so-called civilised man. And what did all these contrasts amount to? The more I looked at them, the more they pointed to the really frightening gulf which now exists between the scientific world on the one hand and the natural world on the other, between the technician and the ordinary human being. It seemed to me, then, that the old saying about one half of us not knowing what the other half is doing was truer than ever.

We call ourselves the New Elizabethans, but we are surely about as far removed from the old Elizabethans as we possibly could be. They were men of parts, soldiers, poets, adventurers, politicians, at one and the same time. We are specialists, each of us knowing a great deal about one thing, and practically nothing about that thing's relationship to any other thing. And because of our ignorance, we have invented such things as the 'documentary' and the 'digest' to throw a little light in our darkness. What, I wondered, would the old Elizabethans have thought of the documentary and the digest?

This, then, was what the contrasts pointed to—the wideness of the gulf between us, and the imperative need to bridge it. Yet can it be bridged? Can we, specialists that we all are, do anything to come closer to one another, to understand not only with our minds but with

our hearts? Can the Chicago physicist and the Roman Catholic Indian, can you and I, ever find a common meeting-place? Or must they, and we, continue to grow further apart, each of us isolated in our own little world, becoming even greater strangers to one another than we are already?

That was the first question I wanted to put to you. And this is the second. Before I left Los Alamos, I noticed one other contrast, a contrast so huge in its implications, yet so astonishing in its simplicity, that I cannot get it out of my head. There was one research laboratory which was in the non-technical area. This was the health laboratory, and it was open to visitors. Here I saw a group of white-coated men, doctors most of them, engaged in various radio-active experiments. I asked what they were doing, and was told that they were trying to find means of curing certain illnesses and so saving human life. Five hundred yards from where I was standing was the fence guarding the technical area. And beyond this I knew—though I had not been there—were other white-coated men busy with other, similar experiments. But their object of course was the opposite—not to find means of saving human life, but to perfect weapons whose ultimate aim was to destroy it.

The significance of this contrast was perhaps even more pointed than that of the others. Here was atomic energy, the most important discovery since gunpowder or the steam engine, and vastly more powerful than either. How were we going to use it? On which side of the fence were we going to sit? I looked back at some of the great scientific inventions of the past to see what light I might obtain from them. The aeroplane, I supposed, had caused more destruction and misery than any other single instrument. Yet against this was all the good it had done, the ships it had found lost at sea, the crops it had made fruitful, the sick and wounded people it had saved from death. The wireless was the same. It had been the cause both of saving life and of destroying it. So was radar. So, too, was everything else I could think of.

The past, then, gave no guidance. The past said that science itself was neither good nor evil, only what you did with it. In the past we had done both things with it; we had taken both sides of the fence. Now, with this vast new source of power, were we going to do the same again? And, far more important, could we this time afford to? I do not know the answer to this, but I believe in some way it is dependent on the first question I put to you. Can we manage to come a little closer to one another, to shift our attention from the particular to the general, from means to ends? As I said earlier, I do not know the answer to this question either. But I think that both questions require an answer. And I think also that they require an answer soon.

—Home Service

## How Royalty is Painted

By DAVID PIPER

**I**N the late spring of 1847, a painting of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and their five children was exhibited at St. James's Palace. It had been painted by Franz Xaver Winterhalter, the most fashionable court-painter of his generation, and it aroused much comment, some favourable, but mostly unfavourable. The art critic of the journal *The Athenaeum* found its great fault to lie in its coarseness:

The Queen and Prince, though likenesses, are yet sensual and fleshy versions of those distinguished persons. Now Her Majesty, with strong individuality, has great refinement of expression. The Prince's profile is remarkable for its style.

In neither of these portraits are those things given; while the arms and hands of Her Majesty are expressed in contours that speak more of hard work in the kitchen than of the occupations of a palace, the Prince's are the hands of a farmer.

The critic goes on to admit, grudgingly, that the children are well-grouped, but he ends his notice with a remarkably liverish outburst:

The work is diffuse and unemphatic; while there is a coarseness in the details—such an odour, we may say, of paint, and such a want of taste—as make us frankly rejoice that it is not from the hand of an Englishman.

This same painting has recently been on exhibition again in London,

and the reaction of the public has been noticeably different: they found in it not coarseness, but a delightful sweetness of sentiment. Indeed, I heard more than one lady actually coo in front of it. Admittedly, the specialist art critics found no reason to revise their generally uncomplimentary opinion of Winterhalter as a painter, but distinguished critics with a wider angle of vision agreed with the public. Miss C. V. Wedgwood, for example, spoke of the 'enchancing unnaturalness of the naturalness' of this picture, and clearly she found in it a charming solution of the difficult compromise between realism and convention that must be made by any painter of royalty. What appeared as coarseness in 1847 is now prettiness, the sensual and the fleshy turn out to be almost affected delicacy, and *The Athenaeum's* lament about 'want of taste' has become incomprehensible.

I have quoted all this at some length because it illustrates quite a number of the problems that painters of royal portraits have to deal with, and also how different their solutions may appear to changing generations. How various these solutions are is immediately obvious in the current exhibition of Kings and Queens at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. There, too, you can see another slightly later painting of Queen Victoria by the same artist, Winterhalter, and you could well use it to judge for yourselves whether Miss Wedgwood or *The*



*Athenaeum's* critic made the fairer assessment.

But Queen Victoria is only one in the whole pageant of British monarchy represented, in one way or another, from Alfred the Great onwards. There are gaps, though not many. Lady Jane Grey, so briefly Queen in 1553, is the most poignant of them, and the reason she is not to be seen is not so much because there is no portrait of her as because there are too many of them: too many so-called Lady Jane Greys, that is. There must be nearly 100 pictures up and down the country, all labelled as Lady Jane; the trouble is that hardly any two are of the same person, and scholarship has not yet succeeded in working out beyond doubt that one of them is really her. It is only too easy for a portrait to lose its identity, even within a generation. That famous sextet of Queens, for example, Henry VIII's wives: one would think that there was a pretty clear idea of what they looked like. But in fact we have reliable portraits of only four of the six; the portraits of Catherine Howard and of Catherine Parr which you can see at Liverpool are perhaps the most likely portraits that exist of them, but they cannot claim to be more than probables, and they have rivals.

Henry's wives indeed are often rather eccentric. The portrait of Jane Seymour, lent by the Duke of Bedford, was known in the eighteenth century as Anne Boleyn, though it certainly is of Jane, which is a good example of the curious habit that notoriously romantic subjects have of attracting portraits of lesser known personalities to themselves. And Anne Boleyn herself, the real Anne Boleyn, drawn by Holbein—a very beautiful drawing, no doubt, but it makes you ask yourself: is this what all the fuss was about? Is this the beautiful, seductive woman for whom Henry VIII divorced not only Catherine of Aragon, but himself and England from the Catholic Church? Perhaps Bishop Stubbs was right after all when he suggested that the appearance of Henry's wives was,



Henry VIII: after Holbein

Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool



Edward VI: by an unknown artist

Collection of Sir Danvers Osborn, Bt.

'if not a justification, at least a colourable reason for understanding the readiness with which he put them away'.

But the question which many may find the most intriguing at the Walker Art Gallery is this: how like are these portraits? What relation do they bear to the people of flesh and blood whom they represent? Nowadays our curiosity about other people's faces seems insatiable; at

any rate, more and more newspapers are turning into little more than strips of photographs with captions. But it is a relatively modern interest, only some 500 years old. In the Middle Ages there was no demand for lifelike individualised representations of people, and artists hardly ever bothered to attempt to produce them. When they made a portrait of a king, they did not draw the features like their particular king, they drew instead an almost impersonal image of majesty. So Alfred, in the copy of the Alfred Jewel at Liverpool, is transmuted into a beautiful pattern, and none of the portraits shown of early kings carry any conviction as a portrait of a living human being. On the Great Seal, the same royal image, a figure crowned upon the throne, might and did often serve several different monarchs in a row.



Anne Boleyn: drawing by Hans Holbein the Younger

Collection of the Earl of Bradford



Prince George of Denmark with the Secretary to the Admiralty, George Clarke: by Sir Godfrey Kneller

By courtesy of the Warden and Fellows of All Souls College, Oxford



The change from this primarily symbolic approach to portraiture came with the Renaissance, with the revival of interest in man's earthly glory, his physical achievement as against his spiritual destiny. Princes began to demand likenesses of themselves, resonant celebrations of their own individuality, and of no one else's. The essence of a likeness is that it shows you are different from anybody else, unique. Look now at Holbein's Henry VIII, the monstrous figure straddling the first room at Liverpool. All the medieval trappings, the symbols of royalty, crown, sceptre, robes, and orb, have vanished. Henry imposes on you, solid, overwhelmingly sensual and fleshy, by virtue of his own physical presence. He was, of course, infinitely lucky in his painter, for Holbein could quarry majesty and despotism out of the human figure without recourse to symbols. And at the end of the century, fifty years after Henry's death, Holbein's portrait of him in the Privy Chamber at Whitehall still made visitors tremble.

This, then, is one answer to the question: how should a king be painted? But it was not one that proved very expedient. To begin with, it demands the services of a painter with the genius to transform you into majesty personified, and such painters are rare—perhaps a dozen in modern history. Then you have got to monopolise that painter, or he will go about turning all your subjects into kings with his magic brush; and, in fact, portraits were fast becoming fashionable and there was nothing to stop those who could pay from employing the best painters, and nothing in the result to distinguish prince from subject. And so, almost immediately, symbolism of some kind creeps back into the royal portrait: the painting of Henry's son, Edward VI, is modelled closely on Holbein's view of his father; the boy king straddles in the same posture, but now, to make sure that he is not mistaken for just any little boy, the Royal Arms are painted above him.

Since then, the answers produced by court painters have varied widely between the two extremes: the symbolic representation of majesty and the naturalistic representation of the temporary tenant of that majesty. A straightforward but soul-searching intimate likeness is rare, for various reasons. For one thing, it is not often what is wanted, nor indeed politic. And monarchs do not often have the time to sit endlessly for a painter. It is intriguing to wander round the exhibition, trying to work out for exactly what occasion each portrait was produced. George, Prince of Denmark, was Lord High Admiral, and he is shown in this particular portrait with the secretary to the Admiralty, George Clarke. It is fairly clear what happened: Clarke came to the end of his term of office in 1705, and wanted a pictorial souvenir of it, so he called on Sir Godfrey Kneller and had himself painted at a table, with his pen, looking up. Then Kneller inserted the figure of Prince George; this would be simple, for the painter had the Prince in stock, as it were; he had painted him the year before, and all he had to do was to adapt this to fit in with Clarke.

The normal way of making portraits of busy people was, and sometimes still is, to make a sketch in oils or chalks of the face, perhaps from one sitting only. For the rest, anybody's body, a model's or a lay-figure's, suitably clothed, would serve. This means that most royal portraits are far from an exact impression from the life, but that does not necessarily affect their likeness. The portrait of George II is an example: the king refused to give the painter, Thomas Hudson, a sitting, so he did without; but the result, according to a contemporary, was both successful and very like.



Queen Elizabeth II: by John Napper—commissioned by Liverpool Corporation in honour of the Coronation

It is a curious business, this recognition of a likeness, and it has already excited some discussion at Liverpool. Is Mr. Napper's new portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth like or not like? When I say that a portrait is like, I mean not that it is like the sitter, but that it is close to the image which my own eye has recorded for me of the sitter. The Queen, in fact, has as many likenesses as she has subjects and more, and each and all of these likenesses is valid and not one can be either proved or disproved. Likeness, in a painted portrait, does not seem to depend so very much on precise literal accuracy: if you take a series of Rembrandt's self-portraits and measure them, you will find that in some cases the proportions are different; in fact, to judge by rule and compass, they cannot represent the same person. But they do represent the same person, and they are probably all like: this, of course, cannot be proved either, as there is no evidence apart from Rembrandt's general reputation and the tacit evidence that he finished them and did not destroy them.

I suspect that most people's private likenesses of the Queen are closely related to photographs of her; I know mine is—and it reflects that famous and enchanting smile. But I cherish, too, another likeness, a memory of a very different sort of photograph: that of the young Queen newly crowned, seated in St. Edward's Chair, her expression grave, remote, of extraordinary dignity. And with that impression I find Mr. Napper's disputed likeness tallies. But, as I say, this is a purely subjective judgment. You cannot judge for yourselves unless you have seen the picture itself: not a photograph of it, for Mr. Napper did not paint a photograph, but the painting itself. And whatever you think, you will be right and no one can contradict you.—*North of England Home Service*

## Nijinsky's Tomb

Nijinsky's ashes here in peace repose,  
No more the Faun, the Harlequin, the Rose.

We saw him framed in light before the crowds,  
Hushed like a tree that waits the touch of dawn,  
A panther ready, or an arrow drawn.

Then music came, the sure awakening bars;  
He leapt beyond the bounds of joy and grief;  
His heart conferred in those transfiguring hours,  
Strength like the sun, Precision like the stars.

The sea was his; the buoyancy of clouds;  
The flow of sap in every fluted leaf,  
The blossoming, in light, of fields of flowers.

Yet later, smiling in applauded grace,  
The Faun, the Rose was never wholly ours,  
We saw remoteness in the tilted face,  
He heard alone, beyond our human ears,  
Beyond applause, the Music of the Spheres.

Nijinsky's ashes here in peace are laid,  
Their perfect tribute to Perfection paid.

FRANCES CORNFORD



# A Great Elizabethan Lawyer

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN on Edmund Plowden

**E**DMUND PLOWDEN, the greatest lawyer in a century of great lawyers, was born in Shropshire in 1518 and died in London in 1585. The contemporary historian William Camden declared that 'no one was more worthy of memory than Edmund Plowden, who in the learning of the laws of England was easily first: and in integrity of life among men of his own profession second to none'. After an interval of centuries, Serjeant Woolrych recorded the settled judgment of the legal profession: Plowden is an ornament to our history.

Though he has no biographer, Edmund Plowden left behind him a monument more enduring than bronze, in the stately hall of the Middle Temple which he built during the early years of Elizabeth; and in his reports or commentaries which have won the praise and gratitude of successive generations of lawyers in all the countries that inherit the tradition of the Common Law. In the Middle Temple, Plowden Building perpetuates his memory; the arms of Plowden appear on a Lamp of Remembrance at the entrance to the Great Hall, and crown also the main window looking out on the gardens and the river beyond.

The Four Inns of Court were in the Tudor time 'the university and Church militant of the Common Law'. 'No English institutions', says Maitland, 'are more distinctively English than the Inns of Court... Unchartered, unprivileged, unendowed, without remembered founders, these groups of lawyers formed themselves and in the course of time evolved a scheme of legal education; an academic scheme of the medieval sort, oral and disputatious'. During term time there might be as many as 1,000 students at the Four Inns of Court. They crowded into London from all parts of the realm. Many of them were sons of Justices of the Peace. Sons followed their fathers; brothers were in residence together; county neighbours went bond for one another.

Masters of the Bench made rules to maintain a firm discipline. 'Gentlemen must not wear in their doublets or hose any light colour except scarlet or crimson; or wear any upper velvet cap or any scarf; or wings in their gowns, white jerkins, buskins or velvet shoes; double cuffs on their shirts, feathers or ribbons on their caps, under penalty of 3s. 4d. for a first offence; and expulsion without redemption for the second'. 'No gentleman being in Commons is to wear a beard of more than three weeks' growth. They may not wear Spanish cloak, sword and buckler, or gowns girded with a dagger in the back. Gentlemen shall not wear their study gowns further in the City than Fleet Bridge and Holborn Bridge or further westward than the Savoy'.

Legal studies did not exclude the liberal arts. There was an intense intellectual and social life. Dancing was part of the ancient ritual of the place; and they were also given to music and to drama; with regular times for revels and Grand Christmas and the Reader's Feast. At dinner it was the habit in each mess to argue a short case in Law French and so to 'practise rhetoric in their common talk'.

At the age of nineteen Edmund Plowden entered on the study of the law in London. On the completion of his studies, in the reign of Edward VI, he began to write down (always in Law French) for his own instruction, reports and commentaries on cases decided in the courts. As his reputation grew these reports were borrowed by colleagues, and inaccurate copies were made and circulated. At last, in

1571, at the request of all the judges and barons, Plowden published at his own expense a first edition of his commentaries. These reports exhibit a constant concern for truth and justice, and illustrate the extensive learning and logical skill of the judges and lawyers of the Tudor time. Parliament, we read with delight, is a court of the highest honour; and the legislature always have justice and truth before their eyes. At sessions in Shropshire, we find Plowden as an Utter Barrister sitting with the Chief Justice of the King's Bench and others disposing of Crown cases. We meet him again at Serjeants' Inn, sitting with Chief Justice Dyer and Justices Rastall and Anthony Browne and others to consider certain matters concerning the Court of the Duchy of Lancaster of which he was one of the counsel.

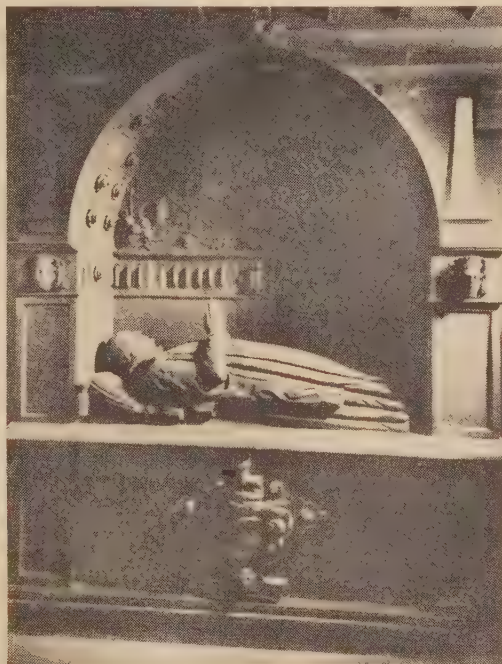
The profound learning of Plowden appears in many arguments, addressed to different courts, which are regularly ascribed in the reports to an anonymous 'Apprentice of the Middle Temple'. In common with all his colleagues he shared the principles of Christian jurisprudence which gave life and energy to the Common Law. His argument in the great case of *Sharlington v. Shotton* shows that he was deeply versed in the philosophy of Aristotle in the Christian setting given to it by Aquinas: 'Our laws show that they who made them were men of the greatest and most profound judgment and acquainted as well with the law of nature as with the law of reason and the law of God. There is nothing ordained in our law contrary to nature or reason or the law of God, but our law is agreeable to them all'. Elsewhere, Equity is stated to be a necessary ingredient in the exposition of all laws. In interpreting a statute, we are to suppose that the law maker is present and give such an answer as we imagine he would have given.

Coercion of conscience is repugnant to the genius of the Common Law. In the reign of Queen Mary, Plowden was one of thirty or more members of parliament who seceded from the House of Commons, when they saw the majority prepared to sacrifice everything to a ministry which

had (after much debate and division of opinion in the Privy Council) decided to revive the old laws against heresy. For leaving parliament in defiance of the command and inhibition of the Queen, he and his companions were indicted in the Queen's Bench; but he contrived, by a bold piece of pleading, to put an end to the proceedings. The Queen on her part appears to have harboured no ill will, and in October, 1558, included him with others in a writ, to proceed at Easter, 1559, to the degree and estate of Serjeant-at-law. On the death of Queen Mary in November, 1558, the writ abated.

Queen Elizabeth did not include the name of Plowden in the new writ she issued. The omission of his name coincided with the demotion of the Catholic Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas to offices of lesser rank in the judiciary. It is curious to reflect that if Plowden had been made Serjeant-at-Law, he would have had to leave the Middle Temple for Serjeants' Inn, and the hall we know would never have been built.

Though Plowden was known and recognised as an adherent of the ancient faith (and technically therefore a 'hinderer'), he was elected in 1561, and continued for ten whole years to be Treasurer of the Middle Temple. Nor did he fail to give his co-religionists the benefit of his learning. In 1563 he advised Bonner, the deprived Bishop of



The monument to Edmund Plowden in Temple Church, before it was damaged by bombs during the war

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London, in proceedings before the Court of Queen's Bench. Bonner was indicted for refusing to take the oath of supremacy that had been tendered to him by Horne, the new Elizabethan Bishop of Winchester. Bonner challenged the validity of the Act of Supremacy, which had been opposed in the Lords by all the surviving Marian bishops. Could a statute be said to be enacted 'by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual', if in fact all the lords spiritual had voted against it? He made another challenge: that the supposed Bishop of Winchester was not a lawful bishop. Horne had been consecrated according to the new Ordinal of Edward VI, which had been repealed in the reign of Mary, and now lacked parliamentary sanction. The judges resolved that the issue was one to be determined by a jury of the county of Surrey. The Crown discontinued the proceedings. In the year 1566, the dubious legal position of the bishops was set right by an act of parliament, leaving a theological issue outstanding as to the validity of Anglican orders.

In the years that followed, we find Plowden engaged also as counsel by those who were on the other side of the religious controversy: by the Dean of Westminster, in opposition to a bill which threatened to abolish the traditional right of sanctuary; and by the Archbishop of Canterbury in a tiresome dispute relating to land in Battersea.

In the year 1569, Plowden was asked for the first time to take the oath of supremacy. After consideration he informed his brother justices in Berkshire that he could not with a safe conscience subscribe to the oath, for 'belief must precede his subscription, and therefore great impiety would be in him if he should subscribe in full affirmance of those things in which he is scrupulous in belief'; assuring them 'that he did not upon stubbornness or wilfulness forbear to subscribe, but only upon scrupulosity of conscience'. He was bidden to 'enter into recognizances for 200 marks 'for his good abearing'. One is tempted to recall the answer made in similar circumstances to the Queen's justices at Oxford by Lady Cecil Stonor, a member of a family which was to intermarry with the Plowden family in the penal times. Being asked the reason for her recusancy, she made answer: 'I was born in such a time when Holy Mass was in great reverence, and was brought up in the same faith. In King Edward's time this reverence was neglected and reproved by such as governed. In Queen Mary's it was restored with much applause, and now in this time it pleaseth the State to question them who continue in this Catholic profession. The State would have the several changes which I have seen with mine eyes, good and laudable. Whether it can be so I refer to Your Lordships' consideration'.

In 1579, owing to the death of his leader Serjeant Barham, our 'Apprentice of the Middle Temple' appeared alone before the Exchequer Chamber in a great case concerning the title to certain lands in East Peckham. In the courts below, the Common Pleas had given judgment one way, and the Court of Exchequer the other way, on the same legal issue. In the appeal before the Exchequer Chamber, after what seems to have been a classical debate, the apprentice of the Middle Temple won a decision for his client, Elizabeth the Queen.

Between argument and judgment Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord

Keeper, died. The Queen was at this moment at arms' length with Burleigh on the one hand and with Leicester on the other. She was meditating a marriage with a French Prince, the Duc d'Alençon, and was minded to introduce a Catholic element into her Council. She even took the Great Seal into her own keeping, and detained it for two months or more, lending it out for the sealing of writs or letters patent, and insisting always on having the Great Seal back at once into her own hands. During this period it seems probable that she invited Edmund Plowden to accept the office of Lord Chancellor. There is a strong family and professional tradition that the Queen did in fact invite Plowden to be Lord Chancellor. Serjeant Woolrych in his *Lives of Eminent Serjeants*, prints a copy of the answer that Plowden is said to have written to the Queen: 'Hold me, dread Sovereign, excused . . . I should not have in charge Your Majesty's conscience one week before I should incur your displeasure'.

In the course of time an intrigue in favour of Thomas Bromley, the Solicitor General, led to his appointment as Lord Chancellor in preference to the Attorney-General, Gilbert Gerard. The new Lord Chancellor showed himself vehemently opposed to the projected marriage with d'Alençon and, as we know, it never took place. Soon after his appointment the new Lord Chancellor, who may have known that Plowden was in some peril, was at pains to state from the bench the good opinion he had of 'the great discretion, circumspection, and honesty' of Edmund Plowden, who was counsel in a matter that came before the Chancery. A list had lately been prepared of the Readers and Chief Barristers of Practice in the Four Inns of Court, with an indication of their religious allegiance. The list shows that of the sixty leading barristers in practice in 1579 one in three was a Papist. Plowden is entered as a Papist, 'very learned, of good living'. Towards the end of the year 1580, Articles of Religion were in fact exhibited in the Privy Council against 'Edmund Plowden of the Middle Temple'. Apart from a record of fines imposed on him for failure to attend the services of the established Church, no other action appears to have been taken.

In 1581 we have a glimpse of Plowden in court at the trial of Edmund Campion. From the bench, the Chief Justice sent a message inviting him to leave. One imagines that the Chief Justice (for all his courteous behaviour to the accused) had no desire that the proceedings should be reported.

The great lawyer was now not far from the end of his days. In 1583 we read in the records of the Middle Temple of a privilege extended to his son, Francis Plowden, 'because his father has been very kind to the House'. Early in 1585 Edmund Plowden died. He was buried in the Temple Church, near the body of his wife, at the east end of the choir. A striking monument showed him lying at full length in his lawyer's robes, his hands being joined and pointed in prayer. In the same year Queen Elizabeth demised by letters patent to his sons the farm or mansion of Shiplake in Oxfordshire to hold to them and their assigns for their lives successively. It was, we are told, a recognition by Her Majesty of the merits of the 'greatest and most honest lawyer of his age'.—*Third Programme*

## The Queen's Generation—VIII

# To Stay or Not to Stay

By PETER PAUL-HUHNE

WHEN I was talking to an American the other day, I asked him why he had lived in Britain for the past thirty years. His answer went roughly like this: 'There's more opportunity here because there's less competition: I'm a manufacturer and it was easier to start up here than in the States'. He went on to say that he, like us, has an aversion from ulcers and prefers a more gentle existence. 'But', he said, 'that gives you a problem . . . the war's been over eight years now. Germany and Japan are catching up fast, and yet Britain's productivity is lower than last year!' He thought the state of mind was wrong: that we were no longer a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of bureaucrats. He ended by saying: 'But despite what some of your generation think, your country is still a land of opportunity, if only because too few are willing to look for it!' I had a feeling that that last remark was uncomfortably near the truth.

I have recently spent four years in Canada, and friends are always asking me whether they could get a job over there; whether it is true that there is more future there for a young man. These questions reveal only too well that, as my American friend had said, to our generation those lands across the sea symbolise a hope and opportunity no longer attainable at home. It is disturbing to realise that in a country where the older generations incline, naturally, to the past, those who are looking ahead are, all too often, looking abroad. To some, the main consideration is the greater economic opportunities. Others, who had emigrated and whom I met in Canada, told me they had gone mainly for their children's sake. So for many of our generation—and I was one of them—it was, and is, a problem: to stay or not to stay. In my case there was the fascination of Canada, young and just coming into its own, a country of breath-taking possibilities. It has everything: gold,



uranium, copper, nickel, iron ore, unlimited electric power, more oil than the rest of the world put together, and an industrial machine expanding at a phenomenal rate—even by American standards.

Which was it to be then? This 'certainty', as it were, or Britain—so different in every way—blessed, and cursed, with tradition, with little natural wealth but its people struggling for economic survival as they carry out a major social revolution? Should one make one's life with our Canadian contemporaries, enthusiastic and confident, though perhaps at the moment a little too busy with the sheer problem of material growth to worry about the other things of life, such as development of the arts and theatre? Or should one stay here in Britain, which seems at the moment to be so apathetic, losing ourselves—or perhaps trying to hide—in a cloud of idealism in our efforts to escape unpleasant reality? It is surely a choice between the new, raw, and being built; and the old, mellow, but in need of repairs. For me, as for many, it was the attraction of the old that won; for as a student of industrial relations, I believe that the more interesting problems lie here in Britain.

### Effects of Mass-production

I went to Canada shortly after my first employer—the army—released me. My first job was with a company which, like myself, was just starting. I stayed there three years. They were manufacturers, and we had to turn our hands to many jobs in the early days: such things as operating presses, furnaces, winding machines, using instruments and assembling parts. It was in that last job of assembling that I first began to realise the effects of mass-production. To sit at a bench performing the same action hour after hour, day after day, leaves plenty of time for thought! And as there were only a few of us, we came to know each other pretty well. There was a Scot who, judging by the undiluted flavour of his accent, might have left Glasgow the day before, though in fact he had spent twenty-five years in Toronto. And a Pole with a history of suffering all-too-common these days: but in Canada he was not a 'foreigner', a 'refugee', or a 'D.P.', but a 'new Canadian'. (And in all that phrase signifies, you have much of the charm of Canada.) Then there was a French-Canadian girl, and a boy from the prairies of Manitoba. During those hours as an automaton I became, not unnaturally, less and less interested in machines, and more and more in human beings. Was this mechanical drudgery really necessary? That is how my interest in human relations in industry started.

We are being told continually today that our survival depends on our ability to produce more. But what part are we to play in doing this—in the future of industry, that is? We were brought up in the era of the general strike, the turbulent 'thirties, the second world war; and we are now witnessing the unsettling effect of rapid education and social reform. We are an unsettled and restless generation. How can we create that atmosphere of harmony which would give us extra production? Then, too, while education has developed our abilities, science, through mass-production machinery, seems to be eliminating the need for them. Yet if all this is true, and the assembly line has made things difficult, how is it that in Canada, where mass-production has gone further, industrial relations are better, as I was able to see for myself?

I came to the conclusion that the answer lay in the difference of social tradition. Here, even the socialisation of the past eight—or even fourteen—years does not seem to have destroyed our master-and-man attitude: it still survives from an older social structure. It is still there in industry, with few exceptions: the kudos, for instance, that is attached to a 'white-collared' job, or the division between works and staff employees. My return to England soon showed me that in this country we have not only a basic rift between management and men, we also have to contend with the belief on the part of most men on the factory floor that their place in the industrial structure has been pre-determined since birth. I believe that this feeling is most significant. It cannot be ignored. For it explains that state of mind, that lethargic indifference, which in the opinion of so many—including, for example, our Anglo-American productivity teams—is a main cause of our industrial stagnation. This complex, if I may call it that, does not apply in Canada; obviously the continual absorption of every race, colour, and creed does make for a more real democracy of feeling. It is difficult to feel the effect of tradition, for instance, in a factory where one in every seven newcomers could hardly speak English.

But, apart from this problem, there are other deterrents to a better understanding: some employers feel that any obligation to their employees is met by granting periodic wage increases. There are others who believe that good relations and productivity are merely matters of technique. One is somehow left with the impression that the science of

management has developed more rapidly than the art of management. But I believe that at the back of most of our troubles—and I can only base this on a comparison with industrial relations in Canada and America—is this survival of a master-and-man complex when it no longer fits political and economic realities. And the handicap of tradition does not stop there: I often wonder whether, if I had been fortunate enough to go to a university, I too would have 'traditionally' avoided an industrial career; for far too many of our generation with a university career choose the civil service or one of the professions.

Whatever this aversion stems from, whether it is based on a dislike and distrust inherited from the Industrial Revolution, or even if it is due to the failure of industry and universities to get together—as they do so effectively in both America and Europe—there can be little doubt that we are paying heavily for it now. Industry needs more university graduates; they can help inject some of the art of humanity into the science of management. At one time in Canada I was working in a factory where many of the foremen on the shop floor were graduates; for over there most graduates do enter industry, and although their small-town universities and colleges are not great institutions, they do educate many of the men who become the junior supervisors in their factories. In this way they ensure that before they set about acquiring the science of management, they have had time to absorb that art of humanity—at least, a little more than state education to the age of fifteen makes easy in this country. By now, having looked rather longingly at much that goes on in Canada, you may well wonder why I ever came back. A strong influence, I am sure, was this interest in human relations in industry. It is because they are so complex here that they are so interesting—and challenging: the problem of imposing an industrial society on a country steeped in tradition, whereas in the new world of the American continent industry is blending into something almost as recent as itself.

So it all comes back to this preference for the old in need of repair. And those experts, incidentally, whose job it is to suggest what the repairs should be, seem agreed on one point: that it is not only a question of productivity, but of being adaptable as well. As I was told often enough in Canada, Britain now has to produce what the world wants, and not what we think they should want. At the moment, for instance, as we all know, it is jet aeroplanes and not textiles. We have grown up with an industrial system which has to change its way of life. We have to help make that system more pliable, and, overcoming tradition, aim at an atmosphere of faith and confidence in which we can do this; not forgetting that mass-production itself has left gaps which still need filling—our satisfaction in our work, for instance. These are all problems we have to live with, and the current list of cures for industrial relation diseases is long; it includes such policies as joint-consultation, profit-sharing, and incentive schemes, and better training, with particular interest in the foreman, that vital link on the factory floor who was, until recently, the forgotten man.

### Desire for More Responsibility

Many of these cures, in one form or another, are being practised today; but it seems to me that the most promise lies elsewhere. For I believe that the mood of our generation—and I am thinking specifically inside industry now—reflects a genuine desire for more responsibility. It may be that we are rebelling against the over-regimentation of our adult lives so far, spent by our generation first in uniform and since then restricted by a grabbing bureaucracy—and I am not talking politics. Perhaps I can give you an example of what I mean. There was a certain group of companies before the war who decided to give their employees a miniature version of the Welfare State. They built a hospital, schools, a shopping centre. Things went along very nicely for a year or so; then the first rumblings of discontent began. Some wanted to send their children elsewhere to school, others wanted to choose their own hospital and doctor. That desire for independence had asserted itself. I believe, and hope, that our generation is reacting in this way too, and is it not reasonable to argue that the continual increase in educational standards fosters this desire for responsibility as well?

There are factories today where, although there are plenty of specialists, supervisors and foremen are few and the responsibility has been handed to the individual on the factory floor, with remarkable results. An industrial ideology has yet to be found. But I believe that it is in this 'recognition of the desire for responsibility' that the hope of industry lies. We live in an industrial age. The hope of industry is the hope of Britain. To our generation industry offers a challenge we cannot escape.—*Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

August 5-11

## Wednesday, August 5

Communists in Korea hand over first batch of prisoners to be released after the armistice

Two Houses of Supreme Soviet meet to hear budget speech

Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, opens talks with President Syngman Rhee

## Thursday, August 6

French trade-union leaders call on 2,000,000 public-service workers to take part in strike as a protest against the proposed government reforms

General Mark Clark states that there is reason to believe that the communists in Korea hold more prisoners than they have promised to return

Minister of Food announces change in food prices

## Friday, August 7

Strike of French public-service workers brings rail and postal services almost to a stand-still

Communist demonstrators from east Berlin attempt to disturb distribution of free food in western sectors

Delegates from north Nigeria agree in principle to federal form of government

## Saturday, August 8

Mr. Malenkov makes important speech at closing session of Supreme Soviet

President Syngman Rhee and Mr. Dulles initial draft of mutual security treaty between the United States and the Republic of Korea

Train and postal services in France continue to be interrupted because communist unions call on workers to continue strikes beyond original time limit

## Sunday, August 9

French Government adopts new economic and financial decrees

British cross-Channel services disorganised by the French strikes

Signor Piccioni agrees to try to form new government in Italy

## Monday, August 10

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, leaves London to attend special session of U.N. Assembly

Prime Minister of Pakistan asks Indian Prime Minister for meeting to discuss the question of Kashmir where the Prime Minister, Sheik Abdullah, is under arrest

## Tuesday, August 11

French railway workers again go on strike. Mail from United Kingdom to France stopped owing to strike of postal workers

Liberals are returned to power for fifth time in succession in Canada following general election



Uncollected garbage littering a market-place in Paris during the three-day strike of French public-service workers last week. The strikes, which began on August 5 with the postal workers, had spread to all the other vital services within forty-eight hours. Last week-end the cross-Channel steamers carried out a non-stop ferry-service to bring home stranded holiday-makers from the French ports



On August 6 Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother received the freedom of Inverness and took the oath as a Burgess of the Royal Borough. Her Majesty is being presented with a gold burgess ring by Provost J. M. Grigor

Right: the activities of the Small Arms Wing (Hythe) of the School of Infantry were on show to the public last week in celebration of the school's centenary. Two instructors, dressed as a modern parachutist and as a soldier of the late eighteenth century, demonstrating the development of small arms in the history of the British Army







Exchange of prisoners-of-war in Korea began last week at Panmunjom: Lieutenant-Colonel T. D. Harrison (a relative of General William Harrison, leader of the United Nations military assistance delegation) arriving at 'Freedom Village' on August 6



Supporters of Dr. Mousadegh thronging Sepah Square, Teheran, as polling tents were opened for the referendum held on August 3 to decide whether or not the Persian parliament should be dissolved. The result, which was overwhelmingly in favour of dissolution, has not been accepted by the opposition leaders who describe it as 'rigged'



The Dublin Horse Show: the English team after winning (for the third time in succession) the Aga Khan's cup in the international jumping competition on August 7



Sun-bathers by the Serpentine 'Lido', Hyde Park, London, last week-end, when temperatures reached the eighties



The Gorsedd of Bards at the National Eisteddfod at Rhyl, Flintshire, last week



The London Zoo's fortnight-old Indian spotted deer, 'Domino', out for an airing with her mother, 'Ginger'



# Methodism and Spiritual Healing

By the Rev. RONALD SPIVEY

**M**ETHODISM is one of the largest of the Protestant Churches, with over 30,000,000 members in over seventy different lands, but the Methodist Conference I lately attended was the British conference, and so was directly representative of the 1,000,000 Methodists in Britain and in those younger churches which have grown up as the result of British missionary activity. The conference meets annually, and is the governing authority of the Church.

A subject which produced one of the most interesting debates of the week was the report of the committee on Spiritual Healing. This subject has been occupying the attention of all churches for some years now. Several years ago the Methodist conference appointed a special standing committee to investigate it. The committee is composed of ministers and doctors, and others whose life and interest are dedicated to the tasks and problems of healing. It has published literature, arranged successful study conferences of ministers and doctors, and organised a Society for Medical and Pastoral Psychology. Each year it has to make a report in which it deals with any subjects which were remitted to its consideration by the previous conference and in which it may make recommendations for conference to act upon. Last year the conference supported a recommendation of this committee by directing that spiritual healing missions should not be held in Methodist churches. This decision is in line with the attitude of most of the churches, but it has been criticised during the year, and it was, therefore, in an atmosphere of great interest and expectancy that Dr. Leslie Weatherhead mounted the platform to present the report of this committee, of which he is a prominent member. Although he was prepared to modify last year's decision from a dictatorial edict to a 'strong recommendation' against public services of healing, that was all, and he adduced three cogent reasons to support his case.

## Co-operation between Minister and Doctor

The first reason was that at public healing services, at which a number of sufferers were treated, it is not possible to discriminate between one disease and another. People whose disabilities are purely physical are treated in exactly the same way as those whose symptoms are in the body but whose basic illness is in the mind. Dr. Weatherhead claimed that in the Gospel story it can be seen that Jesus changed His treatment of sufferers according to their disease. In that way, the speaker claimed, Jesus had more in common with a modern surgeon than with a faith-healer. It is along this line of careful discrimination and scientific diagnosis that modern medicine has reached most of its achievements. It is the Church's respect for that achievement and integrity that has led to such an increasing co-operation between doctors and ministers that recently the British Medical Association actually went so far as to advocate co-operation between minister and doctor in the treatment of disease—an entirely new and very welcome attitude. Dr. Weatherhead maintained that if the conference gave its approval to public healing missions it would lose in a night that mutual respect and co-operation it has taken so long to build up. This is important for the patient too, for many folk suffer from diseases not amenable to the treatment which can be given by a healer. Bleak and desolating disappointment must be guarded against by diagnosis and discrimination if great harm is not to be done. The speaker gave an illustration of a nine-year-old boy suffering from a club foot, who was taken to a healer with the promise that through the healer Jesus would make him well, and that on the way home football boots would be bought for him. The healer went through the usual ritual but the boy remained unhealed. He lost his faith in the healer, in Jesus, in his parents, and in religion generally.

A second reason for discountenancing healing missions is that they are public and therefore are bound to generate great stress of emotion. The emotional potency of such gatherings will not necessarily be lessened when the services are restrained and orderly. Under such emotion it is easily possible for a patient to be released from a distressing symptom for a while, only to find it return in a few days' time. What is even a worse danger, and just as likely, is for a symptom to

appear to be 'cured', when, in fact, the illness has been transferred to another symptom which is even harder to treat. Such things do happen with pathetic frequency. We were asked to consider whether it would be sensible to expect a surgeon or psychiatrist to treat his patients with the same publicity as was inevitable at a healing mission.

## A Gift to be Used with Reverence

The third great danger connected with healing missions is that they may easily lead all concerned into a serious misunderstanding of the relationship between faith and health and the proper treatment of disease. All healing, as all life, comes from God. The physician, the psychiatrist, the healer, may create conditions which are favourable for a patient's healing and recovery; they may even bring to the patient certain forces which will neutralise the poison and stimulate the forces of health. But the healer himself does not heal the patient—healing comes from within. In ordinary conversation it does not make much difference if we say that 'our friend grows lovely roses', even though it would be more accurate to say that 'lovely roses grow in his garden'. We make no assumption that, because he grows better roses than other folk, he has more spiritual power at his disposal. Yet sometimes we are in danger of making that mistake about healing. It is known that some people possess what has been called 'odric force' and that certain cases of muscular deformity and arthritis respond to it. Undoubtedly such 'odric force' is real, is healing, is a gift of God and to be valued as such. But it is a natural endowment which may be possessed by a doctor, a minister, an accountant, or a housewife. It has no particular relationship to religion and may be possessed by a man or woman of any faith. It should, like all of God's gifts, be used with reverence and thankfulness, but it is a natural force, and in itself no more 'spiritual' than penicillin or plastic surgery.

We are liable to fall into grave errors when we start rating any one of God's gifts as more 'spiritual' than any other, and it is rank superstition to regard a thing as spiritual just because we do not understand it. We were told that one of the results of this error has been observed in parts of Africa where many people have been led astray from the Church because some of the regular ministers of the Church have been disparaged for not exercising the powers possessed by certain healers. This is in grave danger of turning the Christian faith into a cult of healing. Christian faith is not either faith in health or faith in a healer but faith in Christ, and this is no mere hair-splitting in so important a matter. There are people with a real faith who remain ill. Not all of life's greatest riches are debarred by illness; and there have been many whose suffering has led them to a deeper understanding of life. On this point Dr. Weatherhead recalled the case of a young girl who had been to Lourdes and received a small silver cross from a priest, with the injunction to hold it at the elevation of the Host. She did not get better, but before she died she gave Dr. Weatherhead the cross and said: 'It is not a matter of holding the cross and getting better, but of being held up by the cross and not minding whether you get better or not'.

## Safeguards against Error

Although the particular debate I am discussing centred on the inadvisability of special missions and public services of healing, the decision of conference was in no sense antagonistic to the practice of healing, so long as it observes proper safeguards against error. All branches of the Christian Church are committed to a positive programme for human health and well-being. The early Church possessed gifts of healing we do not possess today. Without suggesting that there is anything unspiritual in psychiatry or surgery, we must seek still further sources of healing. It was a doctor who said that the day was passing when the medical profession was indifferent to spiritual healing and that a great many doctors were now realising that there are more things outside the medical curriculum than inside it. The conference recognised that in its day-to-day activities the Christian Church was actually exercising



a richer healing ministry than it often realised. When people come face to face with the love of God in Christ they are in touch with the most potent healing agency in the world. We have not yet discovered how much sheer physical illness is caused by man's disharmony with God and his fellows, which is the very thing Christian faith is concerned primarily to rectify.

While the conference hoped that the dangers inherent in public gatherings would be avoided, it encouraged small groups of people to continue to explore the way of healing by the sharing of the knowledge and experience of the healer, the pastor, and the doctor in the spirit of prayer and dedication. But in this exploration compassion demands

that we should not subject sufferers to too great a strain or too great a risk of desolating disappointment. There is only one way in which this safeguard can be provided, and that is by first leading them to accept the Spirit of Christ who Himself willingly accepted and victoriously overcame his suffering.

There are still many problems to be solved and diseases to be cured, but it is encouraging to know that the churches are calling on their keenest minds and most experienced members to tackle them, and that in the midst of a busy conference the application of the Christian message to the needs of mankind continues to be the main theme of the Church's concern.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Toleration

Sir,—The task of the inquisitor into other people's heresies must be a hard and thankless one, even for the appointed expert. Mr. Binns deserves all sympathy and toleration, even from the accused.

But I would venture to plead one matter of fact in defence from his severe, though kindly meant, judgment on my orthodoxy. The 'freedom of conscience' which Gregory XVI called '*deliramentum*' he also described as one which originates '*ex puditissimo indifferentismi fonte*'. My own language was indeed less emphatic and picturesque: I would hesitate to say on the Third Programme that indifferentism 'stinks'. But it was the contention of my broadcast also that indifferentism is intolerable, and that a toleration based on nothing more solid is likely to prove an illusion and a folly.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

Sir,—Those who tend to separate Asia and Africa in world affairs may miss the essential unity of the two talks in THE LISTENER of August 6, by the Rev. Michael Scott on 'Understanding between the Races' and by Mr. C. P. Fitzgerald on 'The Triple Revolt in East Asia'. While official policy in Britain is careful to assume—or at least not to deny—that racial superiority has no biological foundation, the practice often bypasses this conclusion. The glib platitudes of 'uplift' which abolish racial prejudice by denying its existence, seem to be an indispensable ingredient of official pronouncements on Asian or African affairs and of many political speeches both in Britain and America. Once lip-service has been paid to the idea of human equality, the speaker is left in secure enjoyment of a group superiority that is so often a cherished substitute for personal self-respect. In conversation with hundreds of Asians in recent years I have remarked that they unanimously identify foreign paternalism with an assumption of racial superiority.

Understanding between the races cannot be the product of unassisted good will. The social and economic differences and inequalities between certain racial groups as well as mental and cultural differences between individual members of different racial groups are sometimes so glaring as to seem a palpable refutation of the verdict of science. It needs some study and penetration to dispose of accidental disparities of this sort. I well remember the violent impact upon my consciousness over thirty years ago of China, in the shape of the city of Canton, which displayed a squalor, overcrowding, and chaos so strongly in contrast with the order, cleanliness, and efficiency of the

foreign settlements and ships of war. Experience, however, modified this first impression while an acquaintance with China's history revealed the causes of the degeneration and decay. China's hidden qualities and charms gradually revealed themselves until finally the prospect of Peking (surely the most beautiful city in the world) disposed of any lingering doubt as to the aesthetic quality of Chinese civilisation. Since then, repeated glimpses into the nature of Chinese culture have convinced me that it has claims by reason of its own special excellences to compare with that of Greece or Rome.

I mention these personal experiences with suitable diffidence, but they are paralleled by those of nearly anyone I know with an extended and intimate contact with China, India, and other Asian countries. Only those who have remained insulated by their ignorance (*e.g.* of the languages) or have kept to the cloistered seclusion of a European colony have retained the illusion of racial superiority so flattering to their nation and to themselves and yet so obstructive to international understanding. But of the latter class, unfortunately, there are many survivors.

The B.B.C., as befits a great national organ, is at pains (at least on its Third Programme—in reporting speeches as news it has no choice) to publicise only the most enlightened attitudes towards the external world. But it would be a gross fallacy to imagine that the spirit animating these two talks is the one that inspires official policy or propaganda generally. In some dependencies the propaganda distilled is, at best, the patronage of the professional 'do-gooder'; at worst, the evangelism of a political Chadbond. I can think of no experience more likely to be chastening to a sensitive stay-at-home, who assumes that the British attitude towards these problems reflects that of the Third Programme, than to pass from the atmosphere of a university such as Cambridge where Asian, African, and British students mingle in unaffected equality, into that of harsh and patronising coerciveness saccharined by 'uplift' of a dependent territory I visited not very long ago. My own conviction is that it would be more in the eventual interests of world understanding if the crudities and nonsense of racial prejudice were freely expressed and thus exposed to argument and destructive ridicule than that racial arrogance, the natural ally of vested interest (and perhaps one of its avatars), should be allowed at home to masquerade as the spirit of Burke or Mill and abroad to assume the form of Squeers or Lady Bountiful. The real horse is by Greed out of Fear. Who will listen to Messrs. Scott and Fitzgerald? Not the 'tough guys' of the western world, I swear.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

### Moving Mountains

Sir,—Mr. D. A. Wilkins, in his letter regarding my broadcast of July 21 on Christian Science, rightly says that it left 'many fundamental questions unanswered'. That would seem fairly inevitable in a twenty-minute talk dealing with a metaphysical system which challenges some of the basic presuppositions of modern empirical science. Even the brief, added space of a letter to the Editor can hardly suffice to satisfy Mr. Wilkins on all the points he raises.

I would refer him, for a more extended analysis of the subject, to a thoroughly able academic study, *Christian Science and Philosophy*, by Henry Steiger (Philosophical Library, New York, 1948), which in turn might lead him to examine more profitably the 'text-book' of Christian Science, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy.

For what he calls 'case-histories of successful attempts at healing' I would refer him to the many thousands of authenticated healings published weekly and monthly in the Christian Science periodicals for more than half a century, as well as to those given orally at hundreds of Christian Science churches throughout the world every Wednesday evening. The volume of this testimony is fairly overwhelming; there is nothing to prevent the studious inquirer from investigating its authenticity to the limit of his own satisfaction.

Mr. Wilkins asks how, if such case-histories are appealed to, the psychologists' kind of 'faith-healing' is to be ruled out. The answer is that it is not to be ruled out—for those who accept its premises and are satisfied with its results. Christian Scientists have no wish to quarrel with other methods of healing—or of theology. But when a correlation of objective examination with subjective experience convinces them of the truth of Christian Science, they simply ask that empirical scientists shall not ignore the startlingly new data which Christian Science is presenting and shall be open-minded enough to grant, when empirical science cannot match these results, that here may be evidence of laws not yet discovered or perhaps even discoverable by empirical methods. A refusal to grant this as a possibility would surely be a sign of dogmatism rather than of the scientific spirit.

To put it more concretely: consider a person who has received a rapid or instantaneous healing of cancer or poliomyelitis after medical skill has done its utmost and a verdict of 'incurable' has been given. Such a person, let us say, is told by his baffled doctors that his recovery is a 'miracle' that they cannot explain. At the same time he receives an inward conviction of a supreme cause which is Love, which is wholly immaterial, which operates as law. His faith may at first rest largely on the empirical evidence



of his healing, but as he continues to study and test Christian Science he learns that in proportion to the clarity of his understanding of its metaphysics and the reality of his embodiment of its spirit do correlative results follow in his experience, with remarkable precision. He is unimpressed when the empirical scientists who were unable to cure him or even to explain his cure tell him that his thinking is not scientific, that there is no necessary connection between his metaphysics and his healing. He may answer them by increasingly confounding their 'scientific' predictions by furnishing them data inexplicable by their own theories but natural and logical by his.

If such claims are excessive, we may be sure that they will be exposed in time by the facts of experience; but if they are just, then the Truth, Life, and Love which Mr. Wilkins calls an 'extrapolation from our limited experience' may prove far more *real* than a gangrenous tissue healed in a matter of moments by Christian Science. 'If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? . . . But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of God, then the kingdom of God is come unto you' (*Matthew*, 12).—Yours, etc.,

Boston, Mass.

ROBERT PEEL

Sir,—Can Mr. Robert Peel who stated in his talk on Christian Science (*THE LISTENER*, July 30) that he has known of an advanced case of cancer being instantaneously cured as a result of Christian Science ministrations, give 'chapter and verse' in support of this claim?

Yours, etc.,

Portsmouth

F. E. HELLIER

### Science and Responsibility

Sir,—May I select a few features of the letters of Messrs. Watkins and Pirie (*THE LISTENER*, August 6) for comment? Neither Mr. Watkins nor Mr. Pirie refutes what the first-mentioned calls my 'definition' of responsibility. Mr. Watkins' introductory thunder amounts to little more than denunciation of my attitude as 'complacent' and of my statement about my work as 'dramatic'; not a strong logical line. In his second paragraph he seems to be using the term 'discovery' to cover 'invention'. Discoveries are always 'welcome'. Inventions are applications of discoveries and are 'welcome' or not according to the ethical values of their intended purposes. Discoveries, like Pasteur and Einstein, are very rare and valuable; they are seldom also inventors. The world is now infested with ill *educated*, but highly *trained*, inventors whose ingenuity is dangerous because their education and life-wisdom are insufficient to make them aware of the unethical qualities of their inventions. Even when they work willingly for Caesar, they cannot be held responsible, because 'they know not what they do', poor fools. Mr. Watkins' insertion of a query note in ('H.M. Government?') is fortunate; but for it, one might have thought he identifies the company of respectable gentlemen in office at Westminster with Caesar! The metaphorical 'Caesar' denotes, surely, a far broader and deeper concept than of any political party or form of government.

Mr. Pirie tries to make my 'definition' of responsibility irrelevant to the special cases of scientists and technicians, by the unacceptably vague statement that 'they could easily get other jobs'. This, in the first place, does not relieve of responsibility those scientists who do not want to get more ethical jobs. In the second place, his 'they' seems to include *all* scientists and technicians with conscientious scruples, and makes the statement untrue. An unmarried or childless young scientist can afford to indulge his con-

science; the family or older man cannot; the housing shortage and financial insecurity bring such men to the heel of Caesar regardless of their opinion of him and his orders. To sacrifice the welfare of one's family to lessen one's spiritual uneasiness is indeed selfish—and anti-social; for the family is now about the only social entity worth caring for and alone may rightfully take precedence over a man's personal integrity.

Mr. Pirie's second paragraph strikes a sinister note. Since he has distorted my plea that I work to support my dependants into something he can sneer at as mercenary, I will take a similar liberty by distorting whatever he was trying to convey in that second paragraph into 'Those whose views aren't respectful to ours should be sacked'. The use of a Chinese proverb does not conceal the smell of something which not very long ago, we (I was in uniform myself the whole time) thought we were fighting to root out of human affairs. Perhaps we were as deluded as were our fathers in the first world war. I cap the Chinese proverb with an English saying: 'Power always corrupts. Great power corrupts absolutely'.—Yours, etc.,

Wyton

W. H. CAZALY

### How's That?

Sir,—There is always a certain satisfaction in finding something wrong in the talk of someone who seeks to put us right; and I cannot resist pointing out an error in the English of Mr. M. R. Ridley's broadcast 'How's That?' (*THE LISTENER*, August 6). He mentioned some French words which 'say in one word what native English can hardly say in less than two or three'.

In so doing he committed the all-too-common mistake of using 'less' when he ought to have used 'fewer'. As an experienced journalist told E. V. Lucas, in the latter's early journalist days: "'Less' is an adjective of size, not number". Lucas adds: 'and I am one of the few people who never forget it'.

Alas! the few are still fewer today; and it was not very helpful of Mr. Ridley to encourage the majority in their sins.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

Sir,—Mr. Ridley is doing good work in opposing the tyrannies of grammaticasters. If our children were not cramped by teachers and examiners their English would be more interesting both to themselves and to their readers. Many intelligent young students of English are victimised in examinations by pedantic, and very often ignorant, demands in punctuation, vocabulary, and syntax.

I wonder about Mr. Ridley's condemnation of 'than' after 'different'. It is common and certainly useful before a verb instead of 'from what' or 'from the way in which'. 'Than' and 'from' have both been used widely after 'different', 'other', 'another'. When I read in the writing of one so conversant with good idiom as Professor Ker 'Dryden declares for a different ideal of Comedy than that of Ben Jonson' and 'it is another way of writing history from that of the voyage of Ohthere' I refuse to believe they are barbarisms.

Yours, etc.,

Faversham

R. A. AUTY

### The Lost Leader

Sir,—I have seen Mr. Francis Allen's letter in *THE LISTENER* on the subject of Granville Barker's derivation. I am sorry if I have unwittingly given further circulation to a misconception that is fairly widespread. You will find it

in Mr. Hesketh Pearson's *Bernard Shaw*; and in *The Times* obituary of Barker it appears with the added words 'with a dash of Portuguese'—I quote from memory. The relevant volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is not yet out: but the authority of *The Times* is such that it might be worth Mr. Allen's while to make sure that the error does not crop up again there.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

W. BRIDGES-ADAMS

### The Surrey Iron Railway

Sir,—Referring to the talk by Mr. C. R. Clinker on the Surrey Iron Railway (*THE LISTENER*, August 6) a quantity of the stone sleepers which carried the rails were, until a few weeks ago, built into the boundary wall of the Ram Brewery facing York Road (formerly Red Lion Street), Wandsworth, along which the railway ran.

Unfortunately this wall became unsafe and is now being rebuilt. About thirty-five tons of the stone sleepers have been removed from the old wall and its foundations and it is the intention of the brewery company to set a number of the sleepers in the new wall with a plaque to record their connection with the first public railway sanctioned by parliament.

Yours, etc.,

C. DUDLEY PALMER,

Director, Young & Co.'s Brewery, Ltd.

London, S.W.18

### Is Charity Out of Date?

Sir,—As a sidelight on the above question, may I say that, when I was attached to a large London mission centre in the nineteen-thirties, it was my practice to give a week's (or sometimes a fortnight's) holiday to three or four selected children, often members of a poor, necessitous family. We would go to a seaside boarding-house and have a really happy time.

I find in the nineteen-fifties that this form of private charity is not wanted. Indeed, an offer which was accepted gladly and gratefully in 1933 is now usually refused, often resentfully. The poor deserving children are no longer with us.

Yours, etc.,

Haywards Heath

HORACE DOWLING

### What They Are Saying

Sir,—In your column 'What They Are Saying' (*THE LISTENER*, August 6), it was stated that 'On July 30, the Soviet Communist Party decided to celebrate its fiftieth birthday (although July 30, 1903, was, in fact, only the date on which the second congress of the Russian Socialist Democratic Labour Party opened)'.

This comment is misleading in that it obscures the fact that 1903 has long been regarded as the foundation year of the Bolshevik Party. Thus Lenin in 1920 wrote in his *Left-Wing Communism* (Ch. II): 'Bolshevism has existed, as a trend of political thought and as a *political party*, since 1903' (my translation and italics). Similarly, the official Party History (1938) says (Ch. II, Sect. 3) that the second congress 'adopted a Programme and Rules, created by the Social-Democratic Party, . . .'. The first congress of the Russian Social-Democratic (not 'Socialist Democratic') Labour Party, held in 1898, did not succeed in setting up the disciplined organisation with central leadership, characteristic of the Bolshevik Party, and there seems, therefore, no occasion for surprise that the Soviet Communist Party should date its existence from the second congress.

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne

BRIAN S. GAFFNEY



# What Are the Limits of Tolerance?

(continued from page 249)

saving souls or of social security, is a genuine and very serious danger for man. Man is called to freedom, and that means that he may not be simply managed, whether in the name of his salvation or of his social security. Tolerance in and for itself is an empty word. But tolerance between man and man, which springs from a respect for freedom and reverence for our common eternal calling—that is infinitely more. The modern state, whose powers are fixed at the maximum, must be put in its proper place. This is one of the most pressing tasks for a true, corporate tolerance to undertake in our time. The tyrants of the totalitarian states must learn that man is neither a commodity nor an animal. And the maximalists in the democracies must realise that it is not the task of a free constitutional state to turn free citizens into well-nourished domestic pets.

It seems to me that in different periods the touchstone of tolerance has been different. True faith, scientific knowledge, right order, right law, social convention—these have all been media of tolerance for whole generations through many centuries. They are still that today, and they will continue to be, so long as man is on the way to his true destiny. But we are the children of a time in which man is fighting against enslavement to anonymous mass powers. Tolerance therefore appears to us again and again in the form of individual freedom in the state; it appears through the medium of the conflict with the state and society. The struggle against the tendencies towards the maximal state, the watchfulness which exists on the boundaries of the state's powers, is a clear example of tolerance as practised today in solidarity of action. If you want really to suffer man in our time in his personal life as a human being, then you must not be ready simply to endure the impersonal and often very inhuman mass power of state and super-state organisations.

## Respect for the 'Otherness of the Other'

Of course, if you see the place for the exercise of tolerance at that point, then you must also presuppose a corresponding human attitude and disposition in the individual. For no one can claim and fight for his due freedom *vis-à-vis* the state and other people, unless he is prepared to let his own freedom, and that of others, really exist—that is, put simply, to respect the freedom and otherness of the other. The state, at any rate the free constitutional state, takes its stand upon this will of its citizens for tolerance, that is, for mutual sufferance of the other, and for life with one another. It is from this tolerance that there flows the readiness to limit one's own freedom in favour of the inexorable order of human life together; in favour, that is to say, of the state and of society. No free constitutional state is possible without a strict limit to tolerance. Hitler was able to attain power because he was tolerated, and tolerated not only for dubious reasons, but also for worthy ones. He heedlessly shattered the constitution he had sworn to observe; but he was made head of a German government in a perfectly constitutional manner.

The question about the limit of tolerance, which has exercised and afflicted so many of the best Germans both before and after Hitler's seizure of power in 1933, from the very beginning led beyond the realm of action which bore the appearance of legality, and reached ever deeper into the inmost realms of personal conscience and decision. A critical reserve, even a mistrust of every state regulation which had merely the form of legality, struck so deep into National-Socialist Germany that it has not yet been overcome. The state and its laws are no longer built upon a tolerance which is a matter of course. This is not a symptom of a questionable democracy, but in total states is simply the consequence of squandering in totalitarianism the inner trustworthiness of the state. Fascism and communism have rendered the state untrustworthy and ambiguous. What wonder, then, if the judicious and conscientious withdraw into themselves and their own judgment?

It is one of the great and specially difficult tasks of German statesmanship today to overcome this legacy, too, of National Socialism. For no rule of law, and not even a free state, can exist without the loyalty and trust of its citizens. The state needs respect and obedience for its legal basis. In other words, the state which is pledged to tolerance must not only observe its own limits, but it must also set definite and clear limits to its own tolerance.

The actions of aggressive communism and of subversive fascism set European democracy the task of making clear beyond any kind of doubt the limits of tolerance in a freely constituted state. However much tolerance may be invoked, this task can never be abandoned. I do not believe, for instance, that either communism or National Socialism has a real chance in Germany in this generation or the next. All the same, the state will continually have the task of fighting the crazy remnants of National Socialism and of militant communism, and of eliminating with the aid of intolerance every incipient effort to seize the power of the state. The state can do this in a real and convincing manner only if it painfully avoids any sideslip into totalitarian methods. This means, for example, that it will never punish mere opinions; but that on the other hand it will punish, clearly, severely, and without hesitation or the least uncertainty, every attempted violation of its free rule of law. If you desire an order in which there is tolerance you cannot face aggressive intolerance in the manner of a rabbit facing a snake. If Naumann and his friends raised their hands against the freedom and order of the land, then it was wrong to invoke the plea of tolerance in their favour. For you must not cry 'tolerance' in order to help raging intolerance to win the mastery. But tolerance is certainly in place where honourable efforts are being made to extend the present legal order in the spirit of freedom. Magnanimity is to be recommended even when clear error and political opposition together do not make it easy to be tolerant.

## Relation between Tolerance and Freedom

Tolerance and freedom are closely related. Tolerance consciously shares in the risks of freedom, not because it is blind or indifferent to the dangers of freedom, but because it willingly—even for freedom's sake—takes them to itself. Real tolerance is by no means asleep. It has sharp eyes for the other person, including the intolerant person. Indifference is not tolerance. The noble art and lofty virtue of tolerance can be practised only by the man with a personal, that is a sharp-eyed and conscientious, relationship to freedom, to right, and to the truth. A man who does not have that possesses a tolerance which costs him little or nothing. Tolerance as a lofty virtue is only to be found where a man knows how everything that is human is transitory, and yet is convinced of the validity of absolute principles and standards in human attitudes; and convinced, too, of the eternal destiny of man. And since the brightness of this truth is reflected in very different ways in human knowledge, we are summoned to be tolerant, that is, not only sympathetic and indulgent, but modest and reverent before the other person.

The Old Testament tells the story of the shepherd lad Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. It is a great story, for it unveils the deepest secret of true tolerance. Joseph said to his brothers: 'Fear not, for am I not under God?'—*Third Programme*

## The Apples

Good and evil. And afterwards flame-edged steel.  
But some mistake seems to have drifted in.  
A belly-ache was brought on by that unripe meal  
At first, but soon the imperatives wore thin.

Well, nothing could be done with the rotting core,  
But zephyrs polished the other apple to gold;  
Then it fell by chance into sweeter mythical lore  
And down the table, among the ambrosia, rolled;

And none of us have any cause to regret it.  
For daring the disapproval of Zeus Almighty  
There was a bitter competition to get it,  
But Paris finally gave it to Aphrodite

Who ate it.

ROBERT CONQUEST



# Rudyard Kipling's Home

COLIN MacINNES on 'Bateman's'

**Y**OU come sharply down the lane from Burwash—'an enlarged rabbit-hole of a lane', as Kipling called it. He first ventured down it in his steam-car in 1902, the 'heart-breaking locomobile', until he reached a valley with a house of mellowed Sussex ironstone. Today it stands among oaks and shaded lawns and clipped yew hedges. From the narrow front gate I saw a three storeyed porch jutting out from the east facade, and a parallel stack of square brick chimneys rising up above like sentinels—like ship's funnels, almost—right above the house. The date over the porch is 1634. And just inside it, to the left, rather clumsily incised in the stone, are other dates and letters: 1639 is the oldest, with initials underneath it of early ironmasters and later farmers who lived at Bateman's. And then, down at hand level, enclosed within a graven square, the initials of Rudyard Kipling and his family. The iron bell-pull is to the right of the front door, and those who have read *Something of Myself* (as I think all who visit Bateman's ought to do, for its description of the house is as magical as the house itself) will know how he got the bell-pull—how it came from the house of Lady Burne-Jones, his aunt, whom he used to visit at her house in Fulham when he was a boy, and how later on he asked her to give him 'the bell-pull for my entrance, in the hope that other children might also feel happy when they rang it'.

Kipling's whole description of the house in *Something of Myself* and in the Sussex stories is so compelling that even those of us who do not yield entirely to his magic must now see Bateman's partly through his eyes.

The hall is cool and dark, a large oblong, tiled irregularly with black-and-white squares like an Alice in Wonderland chessboard. The furniture is mostly seventeenth century, of solid dignity, but this is offset by the Indo-

Chinese chest in black-and-white and gold lacquer, once the possession of the last King Oudh, and the massive bronze Indian tray on a corner cabinet—the wedding present of Mrs. Fleming, Kipling's sister, to her brother. The walls of the hall are lined with Jacobean panelling relieved at the wide chimney piece and at the arches of the doorways by simply moulded stone. This oak panelling and lighter stone, all over the house, give a feeling of sober substance and yet of warmth,



Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, from the garden

A. F. Kersting



Rudyard Kipling's study

of ease. It is a welcoming house, though a house utterly, entirely different from what I had expected. We all have our visions, our dreams of great men's houses, and Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, had conjured up for me the picture of a long, low, rambling Tudor-style building with wings and annexes adorned with Indian and American and African remains, not the graceful, ordered house and garden that I now see is so much more true to his art and personality than my garish imaginings. I had also feared the funereal atmosphere that often stifles the air of the great man's house—the glass cases, the death masks, and the notices saying 'Do not touch' that betray a reverence to a memory, not to a man. At Bateman's there is none of this: you feel a privileged guest.

You reach the dining-room to the right of the hall up stone steps underneath a low, stone arch—a bright room with walls lined in Cordova leather painted with birds and fruit and flowers that gives an effect of sumptuous simplicity. You see Kipling's chair—he used to sit with his back to the window at table—and you notice how some of the chairs have blocks fitted to the bases of their legs so as exactly to adjust the height of the chair and table to the height of the person who sat there. In the fireplace is a metal guard depicting an ironmaster standing proudly among his wares. For Bateman's is the site of a forge—the Nether Forge—that was worked from Roman times until 200 years ago.



If you then cross the hall once more and go through another southern stone archway, you see the parlour to your left with its broad, oak floor-boards like a ship's deck and, right in front of you, the staircase. A staircase, if ever there was one, that invites you to climb. A stair with broad, easy treads, newel posts carved by a forgotten hand with artless art, and a banister that seems to embrace your hand. From half-way up the stair you have your first glimpse of the garden: a glimpse so inviting that you pause, only to catch sight of the pictures higher up the stair. The first of these is an engraving of the portrait of Kipling by his cousin Philip Burne-Jones, painted at The Elms, at Rottingdean. That was a house on the village green exposed to the gaping eyes of hero-worshipping trippers who flocked there in hundreds and thousands in the 'nineties—which is one of the reasons why Kipling moved to the seclusion of Bateman's and planted the yew hedges all round the house.

There are three rooms to visit on the first floor. The small west bedroom has Whistler etchings and plasters by John Lockwood Kipling, the poet's father, which when they were photographed provided the illustrations to *Kim*. The large guest room with twin brown beds has a little powder closet leading off it—the closet forms the second storey of the entrance porch you saw from outside—and, what to our eyes may seem a curiosity, a vast, panelled wash-basin built out from the wall, tiled with Delft and embellished with gigantic taps as if from the *S.S. Leviathan*, but in its day of splashing jugs lugged up from basement pantries, undoubtedly an innovation.

The third room, the heart of this house, is Rudyard Kipling's study: the room where he wrote *Traffics and Discoveries*, *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. It has been left almost exactly as it was on the day of his death. It is a large room lit from east and south, and on two walls lined with books on sagging shelves from floor to ceiling: books of every kind on India and Africa, on Sussex and naval history; Shakespeare and the Bible in different editions, essays on farming and angling. Volume upon volume of all the English poets and novelists he admired; but tools of his trade well thumbed—he was no respecter of books, as such. Then there are odd books like *Old Pink 'Un Days* and *The Alien Menace*. And atlases—the taller bottom shelves are packed and crammed with atlases, gigantic and various. Propped against the books are photographs: of Socrates, Lord Roberts, and of Jamieson. And there is his bookplate, designed by his father, and in it you see the son riding comfortably on an elephant smoking a hookah. The chairs are of that kind in which the square seat is set diamond-wise, not at right-angles, to the back. By the fireplace there is a rather austere *chaise longue*. And facing the light, looking out on to meadows and red Sussex cattle browsing there and flanked by two huge squat globes, is his table.

In *Something of Myself* he has described this table and the objects on it in words that no others can replace: 'My work-table . . . ten feet long from north to south and badly congested'. Some of his writing-blocks of 'large off-white blue sheets' still lie on it, fading in the sun. So does the 'long lacquer canoe-shaped pen tray', and the 'tiny, weighted fur-seal'—a friendly little animal that 'sat on some of his papers'. And the ink-pot is there, too. 'In Villiers Street', he wrote, 'I got me an outsize office pewter ink-pot, on which I would gouge the names of the tales and books I wrote out of it'. There it stands on the ink-spattered table, with the words incised clearly visible: *The Jungle Book*, *The Other Jungle Book*, *The Light That Failed*, *They*—written larger. And in largest letters of all, in capitals, *Kim*. In that particular list, I think there is a whole biography.

From the southern windows of the study you can see the gardens. His sister, Mrs. Fleming, has written: 'In Rudyard's time, they were not up to the "Hampton Court standard" as they are now'. Those who plant gardens plant for posterity. And soon after he came to Bateman's in 1903, Kipling laid his plans for a formal garden almost



Looking across the hall from the dining-room

French in style: formal, but artfully irregular. There are three levels of wide lawn falling away from the house, with a broad avenue of pleached limes—thirteen on each side in symmetry facing one another—that rise up directly from the grass. To the west there is a large, oblong, sunken pond where golden orfe swim lazily, and lilies grow in the two far corners visited by dragonflies and bees. Beyond the pool there is a rose garden and a sundial. And if you look on the sundial, you will see inscribed, by the same hand that engraved the porch and the pewter ink-pot, the words, 'It is later than you thinke'. Shading the pool is a vast, an enormous white willow, *Salix Alba*, as old as Bateman's itself. From an oak seat under the willow you can see the south facade, and the mullioned windows set irregularly like watching eyes. Behind the house, unexpectedly baroque, you see the red double oast-house surmounted by a wooden dove-cote. And all round, limiting and dividing the lawns and gardens, is this wall, this maze of yew. It is the formality of this garden that surprises. How easy it is to forget the Latin element in Kipling's art—his love of France, his love of order, craftsmanship, form, and grace. 'Men and women', he said in *Traffics and Discoveries*, 'may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable lie. But the

house, which is their temple, cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it'. And the truth of Bateman's is that he was, however much a visionary inspired, a classic artist.

I left the lawns to the south and took the path where huge mill-stones are buried at the intersections, and reached a wilder garden that merges with the shrubs on the banks of the Dudwell stream—the 'little millstream' where Dan and Una met Puck. Beyond is the old mill and millpond with the remains of the huge metal pipes and turbine that Kipling built to generate electricity for the house—an unexpected sight. Old stones and new machinery: again and again at Bateman's you are reminded of a spirit who saw the future in the past. On the day I was there, in the farm fields that lie just outside the yew hedges, they were turning hay, turning it with tractors that chugged across the meadows that lie underneath Pook's Hill.—*Home Service*

## Song

Time that brings the best and worst  
And either without warning,  
Wearing a shining morning  
As easily for the last day as the first,

Tells us, lightly as we smiled  
When our pleasures started,  
So when they have departed  
Lightly to be reconciled.

But this my heart will not approve:  
It claims to be  
Possessed in perpetuity  
Of all it loves or may hereafter love.

This claim that cannot be defended,  
This right that cannot be enforced  
Makes only heavier the fall of the unhorsed,  
Sharper the lack of joy when it is ended.

Yet the desire itself however crossed  
Means something in the sum of things  
Which time with all its vanishings  
Cannot outface, an obstinate proud ghost,  
Spark in cold world of ash, life of the lost.

HAL SUMMERS



## Art

## Two Paris Exhibitions

By DAVID SYLVESTER

I HAVE always felt that Monticelli was one of those to whom the world was too patronising, and gave too little patronage. But I have changed my mind after seeing sixty of his portraits, still-lives, landscapes, and subject-pictures displayed at the Orangerie des Tuileries. It is not only that the luminous encrusted paint, glittering and glistening as if the canvas were bejewelled like an ikon—that quality of paint which is at once the most prominent and the most singular feature of his style—it is not only that this becomes, in so large a dose, less piquant than repellent. It is also that this thick paint intervenes between the eye and the image, though it may be that this is just as well, because it covers up banal and feeble forms which make a pass at poetry but don't embrace it. I am only left wondering how I could have enjoyed works by this painter seen in mixed exhibitions and museums. The answer is provided by the 'Personnages de Don Quichotte' at the Orangerie, for this is a large and fine example of those *fêtes galantes* by which we know him best and is the most enjoyable of his works there. In this particular domain Monticelli charms us by the unconscious humour which he brings to producing a quite lyrically ludicrous parody on a convention of rococo, a floodlit parody which so distorts the mood and meaning of its prototype that it is as if they were embarking for Cythera from the banks of the Battersea Pleasure Gardens.

To see how thickly encrusted paint can, so far from obscuring the image, fashion it—more, how it can as it were forestall it, conveying its meaning before it has time to crystallise, much as the very matter of Hopkins' opaque language transmits in a stroke the deepest levels of its content—we have only to look at three Cézanne still-lives of about 1865-67 which are also at the Orangerie. They come to be there because the exhibition represents, in fact, 'Monticelli et le Baroque Provençal', and includes seven works by Fragonard, sixteen by Daumier, and twenty-three by Cézanne (almost all anterior to 1877). M. Germain Bazin, who is responsible for the exhibition, claims that these painters born in Provence share a 'baroque instinct' and 'tendency towards impetuosity of expression' a manifestation of which is a liking for a free and heavy impasto. He has got together a superb collection of Daumiers, while the Cézannes include many of the masterpieces of the early period. Incidentally, a superlative Cézanne of later date but with much of the dramatic vigour of his early work has been brought over from America for the exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier of 'Figures Nues d'Ecole Française' (which, like that at the Orangerie, will be continuing into September: exact dates not specified). This is a painting of a standing nude with her arms behind her head, a painting in which a conventional art-school pose becomes a sublime tragic gesture. It is one of those few pictures not by Rembrandt that are almost intolerably moving.

I feel tempted to say, however, that, at the Orangerie, it is not Cézanne

but Daumier who steals the show—perhaps because I had not woken up before to what a really great painter he is. The 'Passants, ou L'Attente à la Gare' (from Lyon), the 'Femme portant son Enfant dans ses Bras', and the sketch for 'Don Quichotte et la Mule Morte' (which is shown beside the Metropolitan's finished version) suggest that there are certain Rembrandtesque qualities of which Daumier was possessed to a higher degree than any other painter of the nineteenth century—the combination of an extreme freedom and fluidity of hand-

writing with the most rigorously precise definition of form; the impartiality with which things and people are invested with a dignity that derives not from what they are but from the very fact of their existing. It may be that Daumier's greatness is generally modified by the excessively local reference of his imagery. Nevertheless, I do not think this criticism can apply to his drawing (borrowed from the Louvre) of 'Le Baiser d'Adam et d'Eve', a universal intimation of universal passion and mortality.

Another exhibition not to be missed by lovers of nineteenth-century French painting is the Petit Palais' display, which is to be more or less continuous now, of its permanent collection. Comprising over 1,000 paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Ingres to the present day, it is of an astonishing diversity, full of intriguing surprises and dotted with an occasional major masterpiece, like Cézanne's portrait of Vollard, Degas' big pastel of the Rouart family, and Vuillard's decorative panels from the library of Dr. Vaquez. One of its most unusual and valuable features is its extensive collection of maquettes by sculptors such as Barye, Carpeaux, Dalou, Falguière, and Maillol. But its chief glory, of course, is its important Courbet collection, recently aug-



'Le Baiser d'Adam et d'Eve', by Honoré Daumier

mented by a work no less notorious than the Sapphic composition painted for Khalil Bey in 1866 which was originally entitled 'Paresse et Luxure', is best known as 'Les Dormeuses', and is here catalogued as 'Le Sommeil'. While its acquisition cannot but be welcomed enthusiastically, it is a canvas that will probably disappoint most of those who have admired it in reproduction. This is largely because the colour, dominated by the rich, bright blue of the background, is as unharmonious as it is unexpected. But it is also because the drawing and the handling of the paint—with its high, hard finish—turn out to be academic and inexpressive. The poses and interlacing of the two bodies are most deliciously abandoned, the bodies themselves marvellously voluptuous, the expressions on the sleeping faces an ideal vision of luxurious satiety. Yet because the actual rendering is descriptive, literal, to the point of being clinical, all this is only illustrated, not *realised*: sensuality is depicted with a frankness that ravishes the mind; it is not radiated so that it plays directly on the nerves, like the sensuality of the 'Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine' on the opposite wall. Before the 'Sommeil' we are spectators at a beautifully contrived performance, staged for our delectation; in the 'Demoiselles' a secret is discovered.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Journey with Genius: Recollections and Reflections concerning the D. H. Lawrence. By Wylder Bynner. Peter Nevill. 18s.

THE LAWRENCE'S FIRST American host here sets down his record of their visit to Mexico in 1923. The thirty years which have passed since then do not seem to have impaired Mr. Bynner's memory in the least, and his recollections are minutely documented with letters, postcards, and the corroboration of friends. He succeeds in conveying not only his own impressions of and reactions to D. H. Lawrence, but also the latter's immediate reactions to Mexico, its life and its people. Here, with a wealth of detail, we may find the raw material of *The Plumed Serpent*, *Mornings in Mexico*, the incomparable 'St. Maur', and a host of lesser-known works. As an account of this particular period of Lawrence's life *Journey with Genius* is unsurpassed, and will probably remain so, for it has the note of authenticity which is likely to make it definitive.

Mr. Bynner's recollections are far more interesting than his reflections, which is perhaps another way of saying that D. H. Lawrence was a more interesting character than Mr. Bynner. When he re-creates his memories of Lawrence, his writing has a compelling vigour and freshness of impact. The description of Lawrence at the bullfight (of which Lawrence gave his own version in *The Plumed Serpent*) could hardly be bettered; nor the account of the days by the lake at Chapala. And, as can be expected, the book is crowded with anecdote, grave and gay and always alive.

It is when he comes to what he conceives to be literary criticism that Mr. Bynner makes us feel thankful that the bulk of his book is devoted to reminiscence. For here he is content to remain derivative and commonplace (with the notable exception of a few pages on the similarity of Lawrence's general outlook to the Taoist view of life). He devotes a whole chapter to an aspect of Lawrence which Mr. Eliot quite adequately summed up in a phrase when he remarked that no man was more conscious than Lawrence of class distinctions. Chapter headings such as 'Seer', 'The Would-be Aristocrat', and 'The Artist in Spite of Himself' arouse misgivings that Mr. Bynner will tread the well-worn path of most Lawrence critics, and the misgivings are dreadfully confirmed. Despite the publishers' blurb which promises us 'a critical study of the highest order', we seldom find anything more perceptive than

A contrast between the stature of Meredith and that of this man shows to what a degree the English novel and the spirit behind it has deteriorated. It has come down from generous genius to a bitter knack.

or 'he is utterly without imagination, humour or warmth—the qualities of any first-rate creator'. It is fair to add that the remarks quoted are thirty years old; but in the closing pages, written in 1950, Mr. Bynner seems to have changed his opinions little, beyond the belated recognition that Lawrence was 'a good man fighting for decency'. He assumes too easily that all of Lawrence's characters are mouthpieces for Lawrence himself or for Frieda. Indeed, the word 'Genius' in the book's title strikes one as little more than a token, far more reluctant than Mr. Aldington's 'But —'. If this is all Lawrence amounted to as an artist, it would hardly have been worth writing 300 pages about a few months' of his wanderings.

Not the least of the book's virtues is its unforgettable picture of Frieda, a candid yet

sympathetic portrait, much less embarrassingly intense than the figure which emerges out of *Not I, but the Wind* . . . , though Mr. Bynner's epithets sometimes sound a trifle too global to be true.

The Lawrence of this book is often, in Aldington's phrase, 'the Lawrence one could most easily do without'. But that is almost certainly as much the subject's fault as the author's. All in all, the reader has ample reason to be grateful for one of the richest, warmest, and least sentimental books about a much-abused writer and man.

## Return Passage. By Violet Markham. Oxford. 21s.

Miss Violet Markham's reminiscences have received so much commendation at length from reviewers in all quarters that it must seem churlish to strike any sort of dissentient note. Nevertheless. . . . Let it be granted that Miss Markham has been, throughout her life, a highly public-spirited woman and a good friend to her friends. Let it be granted, also, that as a Whig of the best British tradition, she looked steadily at the public scene and honestly acted up to what she made of it; that the mistakes she made, as in supporting Rhodes in the South African War, and in violently opposing the women's suffrage movement (an episode which she inclines to defend as part of the past), and in failing to recognise the menace of Hitler in time, were mistakes that any honest Whig or Tory might have made. Nevertheless, the failure to recognise the dirty imperialism (in the old sense) of Rhodes, Jameson, and Chamberlain and the sense of generous shame which inspired Lloyd George and the pro-Boers, no less than the condemnation (however rationally justifiable) of the angry and betrayed Suffragettes, reveals an insensitivity to the power of emotion in society which has so often made the Whigs understand too little and too late. Perhaps it is not without significance that Miss Markham, who was so good a public servant in Chesterfield, who was its Mayor and Vice-Chairman of its Education Committee, finds no occasion to mention Stead, the crippled Education Director of Chesterfield, whose imagination and vision did so much for that town and for the new ideals of education.

As a social document, the book has many merits. The description of a well-off, quiet-living Victorian household—particularly the instructions given by Miss Markham's mother to her servants and the very slow rise in their wages—and of the education provided for a girl born into such a household in 1872, are quarrying material for students of social history, though they cannot stand up to the brilliant descriptions given, for a slightly earlier day, in Beatrice Webb's *My Apprenticeship*. Miss Markham notes that domestic servants, in the late Victorian age, had a hard life with little leisure, and is glad that these conditions have been modified, even though the result offers little hope to the erstwhile comfortable classes; she was converted to Irish Home Rule; she sympathised with the unemployed between the wars and approves of the Welfare State; her book is a candid record of the life of an intelligent and sympathetic member of a governing class, and should be so read. It is possibly not her fault—since few of us can command the gift of imaginative writing—that the references to the many friends she has made throughout her life lack all descriptive touches, but appear as a long list of virtuous persons, one scarcely distinguishable from another (yet surely Robert Morant and

Mary Macarthur, to take two examples only, might well have been brought back to the life that was so vividly theirs?), and that none of the countries through which she travelled widely produces, in her record, anything but the barest of guide-book descriptions, and a few extension-lecturer's phrases. 'I am a European to my marrow', she writes, 'and the Oriental way of life does not appeal to me'. Clearly not; but when she was in Cairo the thousands of years of civilisation which were almost literally underneath her feet failed, it seems, to excite her imagination in the least. Or is it just that she could not get it on to paper?

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that, as the work of a genuine and kindly personality who has lived a full and interesting life, her book, as literature, is fundamentally disappointing.

## The Malthusian Population Theory By G. F. McCleary. Faber. 15s.

Writings on Malthus tend only too often to run to extremes. He is hailed as a prophet, the only begetter of the true theory of population; or he is condemned as an uncompromising supporter of the *status quo*, a man who found in the theory of population yet another justification for depressing the level of living of the masses. It is one of the outstanding merits of Dr. McCleary's new book that, written with simplicity and without passion, it shows Malthus as neither the one thing nor the other.

Malthus was not a prophet. He did not predict, but stated a relationship between population growth and the means of subsistence. And in this relationship—the discovery of which, in essence, was admittedly not original to him—there was room for an intervening factor. The depression of the level of living of the masses to the point of subsistence was not inevitable; conscious action could prevent it. Nor was he an uncompromising reactionary. There is no reason to doubt Harriet Martineau's view that the 'desire of his heart, and the aim of his work were that domestic virtue and happiness should be placed within the reach of all'. He was not a depopulationist; on the contrary, he attacked political and social circumstances leading to depopulation, and he envisaged, though at a distant date, a Britain much more densely peopled, yet with a much higher level of living for all than was available in his time. Like Adam Smith, he advocated a national system of education. He condemned compulsory emigration. And far from regarding the 'positive' checks to population—war, famine, pestilence, and other causes of premature death—as inevitable and 'benevolent' remedies for overpopulation, he wished to see mortality fall, to achieve the smallest possible wastage of human life.

Dr. McCleary draws attention to these points, and his book is all the more valuable on that account. Nevertheless, in this proper desire to prevent injustice from being done to Malthus, there is some danger of doing more than justice to him. This is so especially because the theory is discussed rather as a self-contained entity, separate from its policy implications and its social consequences.

To begin with, Malthus' argument was that population growth would be controlled either by 'positive' or by 'preventive' checks, the latter consisting of vice, which he condemned, or of moral restraint, which he commended. Moral restraint, however, involved the postponement of marriage, with strictly moral conduct before and no control of family size after marriage. For birth control was regarded as vice and was



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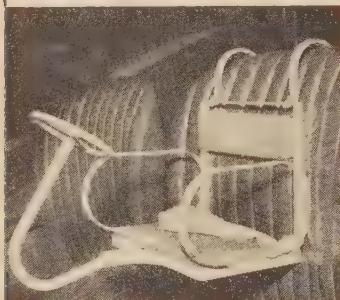
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opposed both on that account and because, in Malthus' view, ability so to limit family size would cause individuals to be indolent and society to stagnate. On this latter point, as Dr. McCleary shows from his discussion of subsequent developments, Malthus was demonstrably wrong. However acute his theoretical economic analysis may have been, he was a poor sociologist, less sensitive than Nassau Senior to the possible role of aspirations. But the implication of the first point is no less important. Malthus himself was not sanguine about the spread of moral restraint. His interpreter, Harriet Martineau, in discussing the hope that one day the poor would be 'more eager to maintain than to multiply their families', made her spokesman say '... I venture to prophesy that it will happen somewhere between the third and the thirty-thousandth generation from the present—that is, that it will take place, but not yet'. But that being so, to commend moral restraint, while rejecting birth control, was in effect to lead society to a fate which the commendation purported to avoid. It was not Malthus himself but Francis Place and James Mill who developed and accepted the rational implications of the Malthusian theory and who were prepared to meet the hostility of respectable society rather than sponsor a method of control which they believed neither feasible nor desirable.

Secondly, it is necessary to remember what was said and done in the name of the Malthusian theory. True, much of the consequential social policy was developed after the death of Malthus and derived from a misinterpretation both of his theory and of his recommendations. He was not responsible for, and would indeed have attacked, the legislation by which many German States tried to prevent the poor from marrying. Yet it was in the climate which he helped to create that this legislation flourished, and a discussion of his theory is not complete unless even these unanticipated consequences are considered. Moreover, there were results of no less significance for which Malthus was more directly responsible. Not only the Poor Laws are in question here, but the general attitude to social policy which was to prevail in Britain for the next 100 years. Malthus admitted the probability that 'having found the bow bent too much one way, I was induced to bend it too much the other, in order to make it straight'. But this admission came late—in the fifth edition of his *Essay*, and in an appendix to his main text. And while he was ready enough to go into print in comment on Whitbread's proposals for revising the Poor Laws, he did not protest publicly against the darker tints with which Harriet Martineau and Jane Marcet painted the picture of population pressure, or against other, more repressive interpretations and reactionary uses of his theory which were made during his lifetime. He was not to blame for his followers, but he was not entirely free from responsibility for their excesses. The significance of the Malthusian theory cannot be judged simply in terms of the sincerity and devotion of its author. Dr. McCleary's present study is a very useful one, but it needs to be completed by an analysis of the impact on nineteenth-century social policy of the 'principle of population'.

### Portrait of the Prince Regent

By Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

Methuen. 18s.

Perhaps nothing so speedily distorts a period of history as fashionable popularity. This was decidedly the fate of the Middle Ages in Early Victorian England and of the eighteenth century in the 1890s, and some would argue that the Regency is suffering similar indignities today

at the hands of not always well-informed admirers. And in the elevation of all things Regency the prince who gave his name to the age has been picked up from the gutter (where the Victorians had left him), dusted down and even shyly placed on some species of modest pedestal. To this re-assessment two things have contributed. One was the publication of his correspondence which proves him to have been voluble but tender-hearted and witty. The other has been the realisation (never appreciated by Thackeray) that the virulent attacks on the Regent were based on politics, not personality. In that strange though not unrewarding book—the autobiography of Brougham—the author admits that both he and Whitbread championed the Princess only because her husband had deserted the Whigs in 1812, and Lord Holland who was the depository of all the wisdom and tolerance of the Whig tradition admitted that the Whigs encouraged every species of attack on the Regent for party ends. In the hands of hot-headed fanatics like Whitbread or Barnes (the editor of *The Times*) this vendetta assumed ridiculous proportions, and when this was confused with all the controversy over the character of the Regent's wife these attacks became simply childish. In proof of this Miss Stuart has abstracted a characteristic specimen from the pen of the barbarous father of Tennyson who wrote of the Regent that he

Sought to stigmatise as harlot  
One as spotless as the sun.

Although during recent years several biographies about the Prince Regent have been published together with a great diversity of books bearing on his epoch there remains room for the entertaining narrative of the Prince's life during the decade of the Regency which Miss Stuart has attempted. She has strengthened familiar sources and stories (and here and there corrected them) by drawing on contemporary newspapers and pamphlets.

### County Durham. By Nikolaus Pevsner.

Penguin Books. 4s. 6d.

The industrial counties are not often given much ground for pride from guide-books. In books on the English scene generally, they are for the most part ignored, or at the best are given a patronisingly brief reference: and if they are northern they start with a double handicap. If they get a book to themselves it is generally more concerned with the past than with what exists today. Inhabitants of County Durham will therefore be gratified that Professor Pevsner has found it necessary to devote one of his thickest volumes to their much less than average-size county. If it is true that County Durham is 'one of the least known parts of England' this book does almost everything to repair that, as far at least as its buildings are concerned.

Of course it is the small city at its heart that gives the county most of its importance in architecture. Of the second largest town, Gateshead, Professor Pevsner says 'no one would choose to investigate its sights for fun': and the largest town, Sunderland, is not much better. Durham claims nearly a third of the book. Professor Pevsner describes it as

one of the great experiences of Europe to the eyes of those who understand architecture . . . The group of Cathedral, Castle, and Monastery on the rock can only be compared to Avignon and Prague, and (a particular lucky circumstance) the old town has in no way been spoilt and is still to the same degree the visual foil to the monuments as it must have been two and five hundred years ago. . . . But what distinguishes Durham (from Avignon and Prague) is something exceedingly English. The pictures of the buildings on the hill have all foregrounds of green . . . (The Cathedral) is one of the most perfect and also historically most important

buildings in Europe. It possessed the earliest rib-vaults ever ventured upon in the West. . . . It is almost certain that here this system, which is the constructional foundation of Gothic, was invented.

The volume follows the plan of those already published in this series, which aims ultimately to describe and catalogue everything of architectural value and significance in the 'Buildings of England'. In all respects except one it maintains the high standard of the early volumes. In a book where is described every building of interest in over 200 towns and villages—buildings from the earliest times to those finished last year—and where some tens of thousands of items are listed, there are bound to be a few errors. Professor Pevsner is wonderfully learned and industrious: it would be too much to ask that he should be infallible as well. In reasonable measure a few slips are readily excusable. But the deplorable errors in editorial proof-reading which leap to notice even in the first pages of this volume are not excusable. It would be a great pity if doubt were cast on Professor Pevsner's reliability by slackness in so small a matter, for this survey of his is a grand design of great value. The ninety-odd illustrations are all extremely good.

### Poetry In Our Time. By James Devaney.

Cambridge. 10s. 6d.

### The Anatomy of Poetry

By Marjorie Boulton.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

The influence of Mr. Eliot on successive schools of English-speaking poets has for so long been regarded as a good thing that the anti-Eliotites, even when they dared raise their voices, were howled down as heretics, or at best as fuddies. Now along comes Mr. Devaney, an Australian poet and critic of Mr. Eliot's own generation, to say that the Master's influence was not a good thing at all. Perhaps it needed an Australian, forthright as his countrymen are known to be, to say so. At all events, Mr. Devaney does not mix matters, and he makes out a strong, if belated, case.

Mr. Eliot, he declares, from the beginning subordinated true poetic feeling to smartness and novelty. 'It was a very young sort of smartness, and I think this was the thing in Eliot more than anything else that so completely captured the young poets of the time'. Mr. Eliot 'makes life look like literature. He is always outside his subject, like a biologist lecturing on insects'. Mr. Devaney hastens to pay tribute to Mr. Eliot's achievements and 'elements of greatness'; but he deplores what followed the publication of *The Waste Land*—the 'perfect furore of young smartness' by what he calls the 'literary bobby-soxers' of the day. Imitation became exaggeration. The new 'unpoetic poetry' was a perfect cover for sterility of ideas, for false *Weltschmerz*, for ignorance of poetic artistry. 'Beauty' became a sort of literary swear-word.

Criticism was quick to foe the new party line; and Mr. Devaney digs up some telling quotations from people who may now wish to forget that they could ever have been in such a hurry to bury Milton, the Romantics, rhyme and 'inspiration'. This they did with a fierce, iconoclastic glee; but only the very best of them had any worth-while alternative to offer. The rest—the poseurs and the fakes, the one-sided 'realists'—can justly be accused of having queered the pitch for genuine poets now crying for an audience. All the same, it may be some comfort to Mr. Devaney that his lively and sincere little book will engender a good deal less antagonism in 1953 than it would have done twenty years ago.





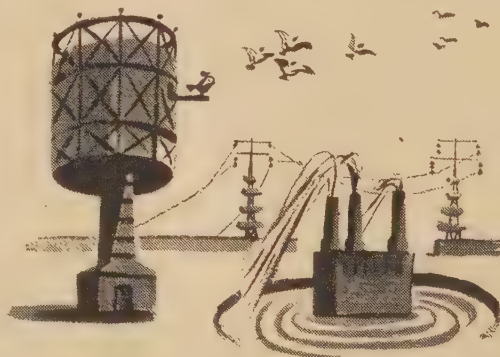
## Schweppshire Shows the Way

### 6. GASWORKS REVIVAL

Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the dovecone shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodszyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschwepstive of

smokestacks, with real smoke\* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

\* The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay, Pseudo Gasworks, by John Schwetjeman.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPEVERESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



He might, too, take heart from the publication of Miss Marjorie Boulton's *The Anatomy of Poetry*, for Miss Boulton is young and up to date, yet devoted to poetic traditions. Her analysis of English poetic methods and pro-

cesses is both lucid and acute: the 'literary bobby-soxers' would learn a good deal from it. And perhaps those of the next generation will, for Miss Boulton is a lecturer to English teachers. It is encouraging to feel that, along

with her self-confessed sympathy for contemporary verse, she may be passing on to embryonic poets the old techniques, which seem to have emerged unscorched from the fiery nineteen-thirties after all.

## New Novels

*The Garden to the Sea.* By Philip Toynbee, Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.

*The Fugitives.* By Alan Thomas. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

*The Wandering Eye.* By Hugh Massingham. Collins. 12s. 6d.

*Scalpel.* By Horace McCoy. Barker. 12s. 6d.

CLANG went the gate for the second time, and the night frost clawed at our kidneys. Then we drank the sludge of cities, or knifed and spat a living in the city dust'. So speaks Charley, the Voice of Punishment, at his entry in Mr. Toynbee's new experimental novel about Man's expulsion from the Garden of Eden, in modern dress. His voice continues in these arcane tones throughout. Three voices of this kind accompany Mr. Toynbee's Adam on his journey out of the Garden; the Voice of his Innocence, credulous and lyrical; the Voice of his Fall, a blustering tough off to herodism in a Spitfire; the Voice of his Punishment, a Jeremiah who has foreseen all along how the wife will behave when he is away—three Egos in fact, which Mr. Toynbee identifies with his hero. Perhaps symbolically (and here I do not entirely follow him), he identifies them with the Adam in us all, as we leave our private gardens.

This brief sketch of a most original work shows that *The Garden to the Sea* has considerable pretensions, dealing with something which has obsessed the Fathers of the Church and philosophers since they first read Genesis. Unlike them, however, Mr. Toynbee is an artist, sensitive to contemporary idiom, and among these respectable notions of Old Testament orthodoxy, we come upon such phrases by Charley as, 'That's my wise Butch! Well, I dried your tears in no time and gave you a friendly clip on the arse to get you moving', or, 'You'd think, wouldn't you, that this would be the cue to pack bags and b—— off. Not for yours truly. We cling to Mummy's nipples until she tears our lips off'. I quote these representative passages, in case anyone should expect, from my first paragraph, a new wayside preacher in Mr. Toynbee. He is very far from St. Augustine, nearer in some respects to Frank Harris. But his book is a sincere, painstaking attempt, as the publishers claim, 'to express in individual terms the common plight of a generation'. He achieves much of this in the examination of a young man's mind and emotions, seen in three facets of his personality; the credulous, the boisterous, and the sceptical, all of whom speak to him throughout in dialogue, as he wrestles with the problem of his wife and the war. Mr. Toynbee shows ingeniously, for instance, that quality in all males when war breaks out, of wanting to be off in the Spitfire and leave the uniformed photo on the piano. But he achieves it not in the ordinary way—a conventional scene with a wife at the garden gate—but by this sort of *monologue intérieur* symbolism which belongs to Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés*.

'There's a time for leaving and a time, perhaps, for returning with eyes changed by death and glory. But for my part I'll stand on this moment of the waving hand and the rattling spurs. There and then I'm myself alone, and undivided. I pulled her arms from my neck and jumped onto the horse above her . . . But there are no spurs and there is no horse, which will probably irritate the lay novel reader.

All the book is like this, an agglomeration of bits of dialogue between Adam and Tom (the Spitfire man), and cynical old Charley, in poetry-prose. 'Then a clock without a face chimed an hour without a sound', 'Sweet rose! Sweet tweet! Tweet, tweet!' Yet hard as it is to turn over the pages, we manage somehow out of curiosity. An artist like Mr. Toynbee, with a daemon in his belly, must express his age, and there is no doubt that we are here in the presence of 1953. To borrow one of Mr. Toynbee's own images (since his hero goes off to daredevil war), he is like one of those aeroplane-submarine men we hear of so often, never happy unless they are crawling along the ocean bed or whisking about in the sky. The intervening stratum, where most people walk and talk, is boring to them and they try to keep out of it as much as possible. Mr. Toynbee is the aeroplane-submarine man of letters—not content with the middle layer, where ordinary straightforward prose is written, but flying about in a sort of joycean of his own, in the company of James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and the Jabberwocky. 'Farewell, and cloppety-clop!' Browning, it is said, when he visited the Literary Society named after him at King's, Cambridge, was unable to elucidate some of the passages of his own works. It is at once a criticism and a commendation of this ambitious book to say that Mr. Toynbee may perhaps have the same problem one day.

The other three novels are 'straight'.

If a fission scientist can persuade the government today that his new hydroxyacetylenuclearosis-projector with a 2 mm. quantitative-qualitative-pressure-drum requires the immediate evacuation of six Highland villages, because their streams alone possess 'light-water' (and that this reason can on no account be divulged, for 'reasons of national security'), then those villages will be evacuated—and the villagers will not be told why. This is Mr. Thomas' theme in *The Fugitives*. The fission gentlemen, he says, are our new masters. Beside them, the statesmen, diplomats, generals, all the old figures of millennial control and oppression, have become as obsolete and comic as the uniforms in 'Congress Dances'. He sets his story in foreign parts, but one feels it could be anywhere today—in Washington, Woking or Woormang. His villagers are Breton fishermen, on whose island the new and valuable isotope has been found. Liberally dosed with speeches about 'patriotic necessity', 'progress', 'the March of Science', etc., they are shuffled off, compensated, bedded down elsewhere; and the fact that a few months later, better 'light-water' is discovered on another island, and the process has to be repeated, is of little consequence. The arcane phrases of the scientists, Mr. Thomas ironically tells us, have become acts of parliament.

His theme is the old one—that the individual is greater than the mass, that human beings are nobler than cattle, that 'progress' is often another word for inhumanity. He shows progress in the figure of the French Minister of the Interior, coming down to tell the fishermen of

the Ile d'Arc all about 'patriotic necessity' and the need to be submissive—and getting a shot in his hide for his pains. 'If whenever the men in the laboratories raise the words of national defence', cries one of the islanders, 'we are to be herded together like cattle, deprived of everything that makes life worth living, subordinated to the secrets of the scientists whose world is irreligion . . . I would prefer to die rather than submit to such treatment'. But it is a forlorn cry. Mr. Thomas may lament that our age is 'barbaric', and tell a love story about two ordinary mortals which is more important than all the atoms put together, but we can do little about it—as his ironical ending shows. Science, he tells us in the plainest terms, is unworthy of the study of a gentleman. Plato should be studied but not the subjects Plato said should be studied. But what can you do about it today? A bullet, says Mr. Thomas . . . After some reflection, we agree. There probably is no other solution. This is a well written, salutary tract for our times, in which the theme is more important than the characters, who are clearly, if conventionally drawn. If they lack 'bite' it is because the author has reserved his strong feelings for the new Leviathan, in whose grip they become as colourless as they are powerless.

The next novel is also by an Englishman and set in France. It has a Laughing Philosopher wit—but a more suitable title might have been 'The Lecherous Eye', which would have conveyed some of the mawkishness of these wanderings of a dirty old man. A rich elderly English *roué* revisits the scenes of early debaucheries, bumps into old mistresses long gone to seed, with yellowing teeth and hennaed hair, sentimentally redigests the emotions they shared with him and (to show there is still life in the old dog), embarks on a new one. It is an attempt at writing so that you can see the lace on a lady's drawers—but on which you only see a gusset. A bit of pale Pantagruelism.

If anyone doubts that the great republic of equality has more class hatred than monarchical England he should read Mr. McCoy's *Scalpel*. It deals with the entry into Pittsburgh high society (the golf club, the hunt club, the socialite gossip column) of a miner's son who has become a fashionable surgeon, full of the bitter sarcasm of the clever parvenu. It is well written, in the American 'son-of-a-bitch' idiom, and has much to do with bars and people badly in need of a drink. In the true American style too, it contains several scenes with people striking one another. The hero is a miner's son, a miner's grandson, a miner's great-grandson, a miner's great-great-grandson, with all the pride that such an ancestry can bestow when he finds himself, through a smart love affair, in 'the upper echelon of society'. 'One of my virtuosities', he says sarcastically, 'is, as befits a gentleman, the collecting of women of well-bred ease and hauteur'. It is a readable book, a clever portrait both of a social stratum and of the bitterness of an American Julien Sorel.

ANTHONY RHODES



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### A Visit to Wales

EISTEDDFOD MATTERS at Rhyl gave the television cameras their first chance to register an inescapable conclusion about the people of Wales, that they use our civilisation only because they have mislaid their own. Rarely has the Welsh difference been more sharply defined. A large audience of English viewers was made to understand that the lands west of the Severn are occupied by strangers whose faces are crinkled with alien mirth and who have combined to distil an ethos expressed in one of the world's most haunting national anthems. The flow of Celtic eloquence into the microphones was probably a revelation to many English ears, accenting the masquerade of a neighbourliness which persists in terms of geography rather than of sentiment. Not claiming that television succeeded in penetrating to the fastnesses of the Welsh soul, I found the programme revealing in its emphasis on the outward and visible signs of a culture whose affinities do not lie to the contiguous east.

It was not television that communicated the true and peculiar Eisteddfod zest but the microphones, with their spate of poesy and song and speech. But for me it was the pictures that supplied the programme with its compulsive attraction, those shots of a people whose natural dramatic gifts are most conspicuously displayed in the pretence that they are contemporaries of this modern age. It was Arnold Bennett who said, after seeing the Portmadoc Players, that 'the Welsh are about 500 years behind the times', meaning, I presume, that they have remained a peasant folk who wear the habiliments of progress with the air of being out for the day. They button their jackets all the way up in defiance of the English *negligé* style, and their horn-rimmed glasses ride uneasily on their noses.

All this was demonstrated to us by the crowds which gathered in front of the cameras while Ifan O. Williams conducted, with what sounded like humorous tact, his interviews with the Welsh kith and kin who had come from across the world to join in this enthusiastic festival, a moving assertion of the family spirit. Television's first impact on the Royal National Eisteddfod was rewarding and enlightening. I enjoyed every minute of it.

A few Sundays ago, in a Sussex orchard, I saw very young children crouch in fear in the long grass as a low-flying jet aircraft passed overhead, dragging the apple tree tops in the gale of its flight. The action of those human young was precisely that of partridge young; they pressed themselves close to the earth, a biological reflex. Their manifest terror made me angry. Why do we stand this intolerable nuisance? I shouted in my heart. The answer was given the other evening in the programme entitled 'Low Flying', an excellent example of television being used as a medium of interpretation as well as illustration. The method of bringing before us three representative civilians to voice the main grievance, with an R.A.F. spokesman to meet it, was quite satisfactory. Air Commodore D. G. Morris, sporting his ribbons of honour, explained the problem with authoritative regard for the facts. He showed that, contrary to thoughtless opinion, the Royal Air Force does not entrust its reputation to young fools who hurl themselves through the air at the greatest of speeds, scattering cattle and sheep as leaves before the wind and tormenting whole

populations with the frustration of unheeded protests. Grimly unsmiling, he was clearly in favour of fair play for both sides if also implacably sensitive to the logic which places national defence first. Speaking too fast and too much, Robert Henriques stood up for the farmers, who suffer greatly. The hospital doctor was more convincing in his own undemonstrative fashion. The prep. school master drew on poignant personal experience: he had seen the direful results of an aircraft crashing on a neighbouring public school.

This was factual television rendering one more good service to the viewers and through them to the community; a timely and sensible programme which left us all ruefully accepting the inevitable. There is only one answer to the low-



As seen by the viewer: the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales: the Archdruid, the Rev. A. E. Jones; and Miss Dilys Cadwaladr, the first woman to win the bardic crown

Photographs: John Cura

flying menace, the noiseless aeroplane.

After 'Lynmouth' the week before last, the east coast, likewise recovering from calamity: the 'Newreel's' presentation of the present situation there after the floods of February was another television good-thing, commendable for its positive human appeal and for the thoroughness with which the cameras went about their job. For once we were addressed by local people with fluency and ease; no word groping, no false *bonhomie*. In that respect Police Superintendent Calvert of Mablethorpe, and Mrs. Morrison, of Whitstable, set a good and unusual example.

The George Stubbs programme gave us a necessarily sketchy biography of that somehow mysterious artist, attempting too much in too little time but managing, certainly, to display glimpses of his versatility and virtuosity.

Speedway racing, judging by the sounds rather than the sights, has gone off the boil: the fans were much less vociferous than before. Watching the British Games at the White City on Saturday was full of decent pleasure.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### Jogging Along

THESE ARE THE DOLDRUMS in the world outside television. The silly season in all its glory is upon us. In the real theatre and the cinema, as in the press, a relaxed standard obtains. It would be unfair to expect television entertainment alone to pursue an unswerving course of absolute distinction. Having put myself for a week-end outside the range of the beneficial cathode beam, I missed such cultural pearls as 'Toppers by the Sea', though I understand it is much spoken of in the higher intellectual



'The Grosvenor Stag-Hunt', one of the pictures by George Stubbs shown by Basil Taylor in the programme on the painter, on August 6





'The Brown Man's Servant' on August 3, with David Kossoff as Joseph Levi and Russell Thorndike (right) as Solomon Hyams. Left: 'Sounding Brass', with (left to right) Roberta Woolley as Anne Hudson as a child, Megs Jenkins as Mrs. Hudson, Carl Bernard as Richard Nicholson, and Edward Chapman as George Hudson

circles. If it was anything approaching the style of 'It's You I Want' which came to us from the same seaside resort, I can understand it leaving a mark, or scar. The latter piece, alleged to be a farce, would have seemed better if one had had a touch of the sun or a holiday blister on the heel to take your mind off the pain it caused.

I also saw the Sunday play 'Golden Rain' on the more secular Thursday of the week and was a thought irritated by its final postures. Surely if Mrs. Strawbridge, a part nicely played by Rona Anderson, really felt as she had seemed to, about making ends meet, her scruples about taking her share of the pool winnings would have needed more nourishment than one such sermon from her reverend husband. The character in fact underwent one of those illogical conversions in the last quarter of the play which are so irritating in Molière and other moralists. Not that I would wish to call the author R. F. Delderfield a *moliériste*. There was precious little wit or unsentimental probing of the human heart. But perhaps the moral of the piece gave some salutary jolts in quarters where the idea that there could be anything wrong about winning money on the pools (a great private dream of our time) has never before penetrated. An irony would arise, too, in families where the television set is the direct result of such winnings! I liked Brian Worth's struggling vicar, and even better I like his char, played by Dandy Nichols. Some of it was only old Mrs. Dale writ new, but on the whole it made a respectable evening's viewing.

There was a sound moral implied also in 'Sounding Brass' by Leslie Burgess, which filled out last Sunday night. This was a study, often rather dull and plodding, of the railway tycoon (mild British variety) 'King' Hudson, who railroaded his way into what were then called the highest circles. Edward Chapman helped the author considerably. There was in his manner of saying, in reply to someone's 'I believe in you, Mr. Hudson', 'That's right, I believe in meself', something which had the absolute true Yorkshire ring. We were soon quite interested enough in him to follow along even through some rather long domestic tunnels.

Megs Jenkins seems anxious to avoid being typed as a Welsh cook, so we hear her Scots for Bridie and now Yorkshire for this. To my ear, she passes the test every time, but I hardly find her as naturally affecting an actress as in her native idiom. Still, she, too, kept our interest alive. 'Though I speak with the tongues of angels...' was the text here and the reflection that losing one's own soul is a profitless business, whatever the dividends, was firmly put home to us at the end. These two Sunday and Thursday plays must have given comfort to those who feel that television, even in its present restricted form, is too often an instrument of the devil.

As for the parlour game crisis: 'Down You Go' looks as if it would make the running. The note is still too forced sometimes, and perhaps it has to be. And we could do without the celebrity spot, I suggest, even when it is as pleasant a fellow as Terry-Thomas: we could also do without quite so many new rules and 'ways'. If the game is good enough to play at all, it is worth concentrating solely on the game itself. We are made to watch the chairman too much, the panel too little. I wanted, time and again, to see the effect of a correct guess not merely on the face of the guesser but reflected

also on the jealous dials of the colleagues. Paul Jennings shows up in an odd new light here and very satisfactorily; though just why anyone who can write deliciously funny whimsy should also possess the sort of Houdini mental jemmy which can pick an anagram in a matter of seconds, I do not understand. Usually the two things do not go together at all. Elizabeth Gray, clever as pie, and most adept at concealing the fact that she must feel some pride in this, has now entirely got over her habit of blowing out her cheeks in mock amazement when she guesses that the middle vowel of a three-letter feline is 'a'. Kenneth Horne has the confidence which, deflated, gives pleasure to millions; and the various additions to the panel have been welcome visitors though—to put it kindly—some have been better than others.

As for 'The Quatermass Experiment', we could wish that there were more than two more instalments. Last Saturday's was well up to expectations, and we are taking quite a strong attachment to Reginald Tate's professor and his charming assistant Isabel Dean. The journalists strike me as unconvincing, but I know that this is probably only a professional deformation on my part. Perhaps if I knew anything about rockets, other than editorial ones, I should find the whole tale less convincing than I do.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### High Holiday

'I PROPOSE', said Esmé Percy's voice with relish; 'I propose to have a feast here in the garden to enjoy the snow'. At that moment I, too, was in a garden, a Cornish cliff-lawn above shot-silk water, with the fantastic granite crenellations of Treryn Dinas across the bay. 'Don't stand on ceremony', said a voice from the radio set. I did not. It was up to the cast of that redoubtable charmer, 'Lady Precious Stream' (Home), to persuade me that we were somewhere in legendary China on a winter day. 'The wine is excellent', insisted Esmé Percy with enjoyment. Now the charm worked; we were over there in the willow-pattern world, drinking the wine and enjoying the snow. Sea and cliff; fuchsia and honeysuckle: for a



'The Noble Spaniard' on August 4, with (left to right) Terence Alexander as Count de Moret, Frances Rowe as Marion Nairne, and Peter Cushing as the Duke of Hermanos



while they had faded. S. I. Hsiung's little Chinese play is simple; it is also artful. Everything must be created in the receptive imagination. Once the actors' voices—those of Esmé Percy, Olga Lindo, David King-Wood—had duly charmed us, it was easier to believe in the air-borne 'Precious Stream' than in the theatre-play, where its 'business' has become arch and fussy, the tedium of a repeated charade.

There was no tedium on the air—certainly not in this garden where everything during an August afternoon might have conspired against the piece. Here was the Prime Minister, observing with husky precision and obvious truth, 'I have been looking forward to it e-normously'; here was Madame Wang (Olga Lindo), her voice spurting like the spring below the cliff; here the gallant Hsieh Ping-Kuei (David King-Wood), shifting a rock, composing a verse, adorning a throne; here Precious Stream (Sulwen Morgan), with a part that could easily leave us with the stickiness of melted sugar; and here also the galloping of horse as the Princess of the Western Regions (Jill Balcon) swept towards China without any of the mock-cavorting and caracoling we are used to on the stage. When, at last, all retired into the willow-pattern to be happy ever after, I came back slowly to the sun-blink on Porthcurno, realising that I had yielded—and with gratitude—to what, no doubt, Fashion would call a rubbed little piece, fit only to be speared in a sharp phrase. If so, I am blissfully unfashionable. Archie Campbell was Honourable Producer.

A few nights later, mist loomed during the evening; the Longships fog signal thudded in the distance. Indoors I tried vainly to get 'The Last Flare of the Lamp' on the Third; the names of Angela Baddeley, Michael Redgrave, and the author (T. C. Worsley) spoke well for this, but I found only a cannonade of atmospherics. The Third can be elusive in Cornwall; I must await better reception elsewhere. 'Much-Binding' (Home) came through as clearly as a bell, a rather cracked bell. We gathered that the editorial staff of the *Weekly Bind*—genial ditherers in a huddle—was sending the first issue to press and celebrating with a bottle of wine, cooking-port type. From a strange welter of word-play, nothing barred, sometimes funny and sometimes not, and led by Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne, I learned that any music critic can distinguish between 'Danny Boy' and the Londonderry Air, because Danny is much taller. Sam Costa, male Malaprop, pressed on with enthusiasm; Dora Bryan, disguised as a Miss Plum, keened plaintively; and Maurice Denham was buoyantly at hand. A Victorian variety comedian, asked his formula for success, replied: 'Never stop talking. They get to like you'. There is something in this, as the members of the *Weekly Bind* staff can testify.

An ocean rescue-tug feature, 'Tow Wire Connected' (Home) should have gone well in my listening post: there was usually a ship in sight. But the programme was never very sharply in focus. Kipling might have made a rich 'document' of the tale of endurance and seamanship; I could imagine his variations on the phrase, 'She was a restless ship that night'. For me the story was insufficiently taut. It could (and should) have been exciting; it proved to be a good idea faltering in its execution, lost among the wind and waves. Similarly, 'The Story of Curare' (Home) was a programme, potentially an excitement, that meandered. Although we heard a great many facts about the Indian hunters' poison that is now an anaesthetist's friend, they did not fit very easily into slow-motion feature form. Several excellent radio actors worked with spirit for the cause; it was an odd moment when a Nottingham maid-servant found herself the victim of a poisoned arrow while dusting.

'The Leisure Hour' (Light) brought in amiable succession Betty Marsden's tone-pictures, the lip-smacking gusto of Robb Wilton, the swirl of Bransby Williams, and Wilson Midgley's zest. And on the night of Bank Holiday, sitting among the spiced bushes with only a distant lighthouse for company, and—one would have said—not a soul within miles, I realised again why St. John Ervine's 'Anthony and Anna' (Home: agreeably acted) ran so long in London, and the value of such charm as this, genuine and unabashed.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Summer Solstice

THE SILLY SEASON, so my dictionary informs me, falls 'in the months of August and September when the newspapers supply the lack of real news by articles or discussions on trivial topics'. But why, one wonders, should real news cease during those months? The truth is, of course, that it doesn't, as two wars and other disturbing events have only too painfully proved to us. The belief that it did arise, perhaps, because the advent of August put an end to the London season. But it remains true that during the summer some sort of lull occurs in certain human activities and there is no denying that, as I have already remarked, the Spoken Word shrinks during July and August to little more than a trickle of talks. Yet it would be grossly unfair to label this phenomenon 'the silly season' because many of the talks are of high quality even though a notable lack of variety prevails in the form of spoken-word programmes.

Last week, however, I detected a discussion hidden among the mounting list of talks, and my heart leapt up. The title 'When is a Murderer Mad?' seemed to promise an orgy of sensationalism, but the definition that followed it, 'A conversation between Queen's Counsel and a psychiatrist about the M'Naghten Rules', at once toned it down to something that was going to be soberly elucidatory rather than blood-freezing. These two authoritative persons, in fact, were going to discuss the question 'whether the advance in the study of clinical psychiatry and medical psychology has rendered a reform of these rules desirable'. The discussion was recorded and, though *Radio Times* did not say so, I judged it to be unscripted. Each debater spoke clearly and his voice was well differentiated from his opponent. None the less I found that I was never quite certain which of the two was speaking. When a chairman guides the discussion and addresses each speaker by name this difficulty does not arise, and it can be avoided if each addresses the other by name, though this is apt to give an irritating artificiality to the proceedings. In the present case Christian names were used by the debaters too rarely for me to be able to attach them firmly to their owners. Consequently I was unable to follow infallibly the two points of view. This was a severe handicap. And there was another. I think it was Ford Madox Ford who laid it down that the novelist who wishes his dialogue to ring true to life must never allow a speaker to reply to the statement or question of his interlocutor. In a novel such a method, skilfully and not too insistently used, may make for realism, but in a broadcast discussion what it does to the listener is to make him lose the scent. The speakers landed me also in this dilemma from time to time with the result that the discussion left me even more uncertain than I was before as to whether the M'Naghten Rules ought to be reformed. For all that, I gathered various interesting legal and psychological details by the way, but as a whole the discussion seemed to me to misfire; in fact it was one of those discussions which was urgently in need of an alert chairman to indicate from

time to time the stages of the argument and wind up with a clear, though not necessarily a conclusive, summary.

Luckily the week was not without variety of a more lively kind. In 'Bank Holiday By-pass', Lionel Gamlin gave us a lively after-breakfast programme of nonsense or near-nonsense verse very neatly dished up. The ingredients he selected were beautifully fresh; there were no chestnuts; on the contrary, almost every poem was a new one on me. Later the same day, in 'Creatures of the Rio Grande', Dona Salmon described against the gorgeous background of their native haunt the strange and sometimes forbidding beasts, insects, and reptiles of New Mexico. This was an entrancing talk which gave full play to her gift for vivid description and the sympathetic amusement with which she regards the less ferocious of her fellow creatures. I listened, too, to Stanley Maxted who is at present giving short readings from *Huckleberry Finn* every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays. There are to be twenty instalments in all. No. 13, the one I sampled, made me regret I had not begun at the beginning, for I can assure you that Mr. Maxted's reading makes a richer accompaniment to a cup of tea than a slice of the best cake.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Out of a Hat

THE NUMBER OF EXCELLENT performances I heard last week makes it difficult to choose where to begin. So, putting the names in a hat, I have left the matter to Fortune who has allotted first place to Michael Tippett's Third Quartet.

This work was splendidly played by the Peter Gibbs String Quartet, who made light of its apparent difficulties and brought out the sterling qualities of the music. In no other work of Tippett's are those qualities more abundantly displayed—his mastery of string-writing, his ability to control a maze of counterpoint so that the hearer too can find his way through it, and his astonishing powers of rhythmic invention. What is more, there is a greater fluidity in the music than in some of his earlier works. The contrapuntal texture and the sprung rhythms no longer produce the rather crabbed effect which detracts a little from one's admiration for the Double Concerto for strings. And there is a more beautiful lyricism in the melodies. These are sometimes not explicitly stated, but seem to emerge from the counterpoint, for instance in the first movement.

Structurally Tippett's procedure is usually simple, perhaps too simple. He tends to rely rather too much upon the repetition of a paragraph of music with the parts transposed, the melody being transferred from one instrument to another. This strophic method of composition serves well enough in a purely lyrical movement like the second in this Quartet. But by his reliance on such mere transpositions, Tippett evades the problem of a genuine development of his themes. This is true even of the first movement, which is the most highly organised in the Quartet. For the string-writing there can be nothing but praise. That the composer has paid careful attention to Bartók's innovations in quartet-writing is evident, but he has absorbed the lessons learnt from them and makes use only of such devices as will serve his own musical purpose.

The work that came second in my private ballot was Verdi's 'Nabucco', which is now becoming quite an old favourite. It deserves special mention on account of the high excellence of the performance and recording—apparently a commercial one on L. P. discs which I hope will be made available in this country. The principal singers, headed by Caterina Mancini, Gabriella Gatti, and Mario Binci and Paolo Silveri, are



well known, but the bass, Antonio Cassinelli, was, I think, a newcomer. He sang Zachariah's music with a magnificently resonant tone and, like the others, put the dramatic points across with unfailing effect. If this was, indeed, a gramophone studio performance, it had all the energy of a 'live' one, thanks to Fernando Previtali's handling of the score and the enthusiasm of the singers.

Then there was a new Haydn Orchestra under a new conductor, Harry Newstone, which gave some excellent performances in an interesting programme of works by their eponymous Master. It was a good idea to introduce the lengthy and elaborate solo cantata, 'Arianna a Nasso', with the overture, 'L'Isola disabitata', while the Ninety-sixth Symphony in D served to show the orchestra's mettle in more familiar music.

Shapely phrasing, lively rhythm, and a nice balance between elegance and strength served to present Haydn's music most admirably. Flora Nielsen contributed an able performance of the formidable solo in the cantata, which combines the grandeur of one of Gluck's heroines with the more ornamental style of Mozart's arias—and yet never quite achieves a really dramatic effect.

At the Proms I heard a remarkably fine performance of 'Ein Heldenleben', a work that would at one time have been beyond the resources of these concerts, and probably above the heads of most of the audience. Now, thanks to familiarity on the gramophone and in broadcasts, it is lapped up with Rachmaninov and Smetana. And what a splendid work it really is, even though there are passages that do not wear well!

The excellent practice of including a modern English work in the popular Saturday night Proms, broadcast complete in the Light Programme, brought us last week Walton's Concertante Symphony for pianoforte and orchestra. But this, alas! did not go into my hat, for the orchestral performance was rough and the pianist too modest to make his presence sufficiently felt. Nor did 'La Vida Breve' win a place, despite a good performance, for it is an ineffective piece, sluggish in movement, and, despite its authorship, synthetic in its use of Spanish colour. The contrast with the authentic 'Three-cornered Hat', of which Ansermet's splendid recording was broadcast two days earlier, was really startling.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Louis Spohr: Radical Conservative

By RICHARD GORER

Spohr's Double Quartet in D minor will be broadcast at 6.30 p.m. on Tuesday, August 18 (Third)

LOUIS SPOHR was born in 1784, before the composition of 'Figaro', and died in 1859, the year of the completion of 'Tristan'. He had intense veneration for Mozart and a lively admiration for the early works of Wagner, but it could scarcely have ever occurred to him that he would be identified as the composer whose life-span joined these two masters of opera.

His reputation has suffered since his death, because his remarkable originality as a musician was not matched by any comparable originality as a composer. In many ways he is a unique figure, but not least in this unusual anomaly. The number of musical innovations that can be ascribed to him is considerable: the double quartet; the symphony inspired by a poem and illustrating it (No. 4, *Der Weihe der Töne*); the symphony for two orchestras, one of chamber dimensions (No. 7); that unfortunate experiment in pastiche the Historical Symphony (No. 6); the composition of an opera in terms of scenes rather than 'numbers' ('Der Bergegeist'); the use of the overture to paint a psychological portrait ('Faust')—all these are his conceptions, yet, with the exception of the overture, which may well have suggested to Liszt the idea of his symphonic poems (many of which were originally conceived as overtures), none of these innovations has had any lasting effect. Wagner may have been influenced by 'Der Bergegeist', but it seems improbable.

The reason for Spohr's failure is not far to seek; however original his formal conceptions may have been, their execution differed in no way from the most conventional of his works. He formed his musical style early in life and it never developed. He was strongly influenced by Mozart, and his melodies, beautiful though many of them are, never appear original and the continual chromatic inner parts and the frequent enharmonic modulations soon lose their first impression of originality. To hear a work of Spohr for the first time is to become indignant that so fine a composer should now only be remembered through a lyric in 'The Mikado'; but the more one hears the less enthusiastic one becomes. It is all very lovely, but it is all distressingly similar. It is impossible to say that a work of Spohr's maturity is better than one composed in his youth. It may be, but the sense of development is lacking. If his life had been shorter or his output less it is possible that he would not be so unheard. As it is, like a child let loose in a pastrycook's there is an *embarras de richesses*.

Even so, there are two forms in which he remains outstanding even today: the duet for

two violins and the concerto for violin and orchestra. In the duets (and in the two concerti for two violins and orchestra), he was able to obtain an unsuspected richness of texture by judicious use of double stopping. Nowadays only No. 8 of the violin concerti ('in the form of a song-scena') is heard, and, as that is not one of his best, his pre-eminence as a concerto composer is not recognised. However, in spite of their neglect, the concerti remain as the most brilliant examples of the way to write for a solo violin and full orchestra. Fiddlers are in any case somewhat timid in their choice of solo vehicles. Unless they are sufficiently brilliant to play Paganini, their choice seems restricted to Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Brahms, with Bruch and Tchaikovsky thrown in for the groundlings.

As a result most of the classical school of violin writing is confined to the study. It is a commonplace to state that the balance of a solo violin and orchestra is one of the most difficult problems in sonorities to confront a composer, and it has generally been most satisfactorily solved by a composer of the second rank; figures such as Viotti, Rode, Spohr, Joachim, Lalo, and Saint-Saëns come to mind. Of these, Lalo and Spohr have written the most interesting music.

Spohr originally planned to be an executant rather than a composer, and apart from a few lessons in youth he learned composition empirically. He had already a substantial list of works behind him, before, on being commissioned to write an oratorio, he decided to teach himself fugal counterpoint. In his autobiography he writes: 'I suspended my work in order to make the necessary preliminary studies. From one of my pupils I borrowed Marpurge's *Art of Fugue* and was soon deeply and continuously engaged in the study of that work. After I had written half a dozen fugues according to its instructions, the last of which seemed to me very successful, I resumed the composition of my oratorio'. In spite of this rather Squeers-like approach to musical problems, Spohr developed into one of the most technically efficient composers of his day: surpassed only by Berlioz in his treatment of the orchestra and only by Cherubini as a master of counterpoint. Few of us nowadays are liable to hear the symphony for chamber and full orchestra, the concerto grosso for string quartet and orchestra, or the earthquake chorus in 'Calvary' with its six drums 'tuned to provide chromatically moving basses and chord effects' (according to Ernest Walker). But such feats remain as testimony to his skill.

The double quartets, which are still occasionally heard, testify to all his musical skills, except his skill in orchestration. Each quartet is treated

as a self-contained entity, so that the two groups contrast with each other like two concertini without a ripieno. In his autobiography Spohr explains that a string octet such as Mendelssohn's 'belongs to quite another kind of art, as the two quartets do not contrast and interchange like a double chorus, but all eight instruments work together'. Much of the enjoyment one gets out of such feats is visual, and if you cannot see the themes being taken up first by one quartet and then by the other, half the calculated effect is lost.

Musicians would owe a lot to Spohr, even if all his music were lost, as he was the first to insist on the dignity of the artist. Since he was one of the greatest executants of his day, he was able to ensure that his art was treated with the respect that he considered it deserved. He dumbfounded the English, when he visited London, by entering a house through the front door and actually conversing with the guests. His most spectacular triumph, however, was in his native Germany and had better be told in his own words. On one of his tours, he passed through Stuttgart, the residence of the King of Württemberg, and was invited to play at court. The King insisted on all his subjects taking off their hats when passing the royal apartments, but regarded concerts as only a suitable background to a pleasant game of cards. As a result Spohr

took the liberty to explain to the Chamberlain that I and my wife would only appear if the King would be graciously pleased to cease card playing during our performance. Nonplussed at so bold a request the Chamberlain stepped back and explained, 'What! You would prescribe conditions to my gracious Master? I should never dare make such a suggestion to him'. 'Then', I answered, 'I must renounce the honour of playing at Court', and I took my leave. How the Chamberlain brought himself to lay so unheard-of a suggestion before his sovereign and how the latter was persuaded to agree I never learned, but the upshot was that the Chamberlain sent me a message to the effect that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to grant my request, on the condition that the pieces that I and my wife would play should follow in quick succession so that His Majesty would not be inconvenienced for too long.

What happened to artists at that time who had not Spohr's firmness and artistic integrity can be briefly described by Spohr's description of this royal *soirée*:

As soon as the King had finished his game and moved back his stool, the concert was broken off in the middle of an aria, sung by Madame Graff, so that she was cut off in mid-cadenza. The musicians, who were used to this vandalism, packed their instruments up, but I was furious at such an insult to Art.





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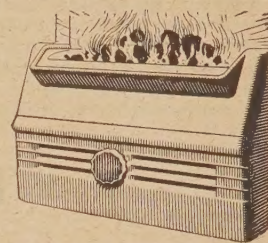
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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## HINTS ABOUT FUEL

SUMMER IS THE TIME to order the solid fuel you will need in the coming winter, for now your coal merchant is not rushed off his feet, and, what is very important, coal prices are down.

First, a word about house coal, which now has the various sizes and grades officially numbered according to quality. If space allows, stock some now to use in open fires, or for cooking ranges, if you have them. But do not clamour for the old-fashioned, large pieces of coal: they seem to belong to the past, but the smaller sizes of coal are good value and easier to pack into the bin. And do not despise that Nutty Slack: it is good if you mix it with large stuff, and it is excellent for keeping fires in all night. By the way, if you have no other fuel service for cooking and hot water, which means you are entirely dependent on solid fuel, you can apply to your local fuel overseer for special consideration, and you may be allowed some extra fuel.

The present allocation of coal varies from thirty-four cwt. yearly in London to fifty cwt. in Scotland, but to avoid confusion I would suggest a visit to your local fuel overseer, who also has lists of the fuels best suited to your particular type of stove, or a visit to your coal merchant, who will be glad to advise you.

One feature of the many post-war grates and stoves is their suitability for burning more than one kind of fuel; but the householder or flat dweller with limited storage space, and several appliances, such as fire, cooker, and boiler, would do well to buy a fuel which suits most of them fairly well, even though it may not be the ideal selection for each individual appliance. Often, a

smokeless fuel is the answer, and these are easier to get in the summer. One of them is now off the allocation: it comes in heavy paper bags, and can thus be stored in cupboards or passages, and is essentially clean to handle. It burns well in many different appliances.

Another smokeless fuel taking rather less space in the bin is Phurnacite, which is anthracite dust compressed under great heat into black eggs rather larger than a walnut. Any of these smokeless fuels are ideal for the openable stoves which are admirable for heating rooms cheerfully and economically. They also make the best use of poorer grades of coal, leaving the best for an open fire.

Coke, as you know, is made all the year round as a by-product of gas. It piles up in the yards in warmer weather, sometimes to the embarrassment of officials, so, if it can be cleared from the gas-works yard to your bin, life is made easier for everybody. For the year ending April 30, 1954, there is an allocation of three tons of boiler fuel, of which one ton must be coke. Most of the post-war fires are designed to burn it, so coke may be the fuel for you to store now.

MARY LEIGH

## TASTIER SALAD DRESSINGS

One way of adding interest to a simple French salad dressing is to stir into it some finely chopped green pepper—the large, not very hot variety. Other things that can be added to the basic French dressing are chopped, stuffed olives, parsley, chives, or mashed ripe tomatoes, or a clove of garlic left to soak in the dressing for

half-an-hour before serving. A tomato dressing is particularly good on a sardine salad.

Some people like a fairly sweet dressing, with little oil. They are catered for by a Scandinavian recipe, which is frequently used on sliced cucumber. It is made of vinegar, seasoning, a few drops of oil only, and about a tablespoon of sugar to a cupful of dressing.

LOUISE DAVIES

## Notes on Contributors

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER (page 243): political correspondent of *Le Monde* and joint editor of *L'Express*

WILLIAM PICKLES (page 245): Senior Lecturer in Political Science, London School of Economics

EUGEN GERSTENMAIER (page 249): member of the Federal German Bundestag and of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe; founded the Relief Organisation of the Evangelical Churches in Germany

LUDOVIC KENNEDY (page 253): journalist, author of *Nelson's Band of Brothers*, *One Man's Meat*, etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 254): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

RICHARD O'SULLIVAN, Q.C. (page 257): Recorder of Derby and Bench of the Middle Temple; author of *Under God and Law*, *The Inheritance of the Common Law*, etc.

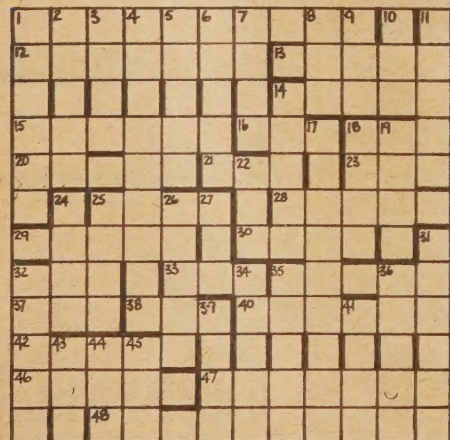
REV. RONALD SPIVEY (page 262): Minister of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London

## Crossword No. 1,215. Missing Links—II. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 20

The chain: 5D—35D—32D—6—1A—34—31—30—46—19—11—35A—14A—21—25D—5D.  
Each link of the endless chain above is a synonymous clue to its successor (e.g. Lid—cover—hide—pelt—strike—etc.). Link No. 5D may be regarded as the clasp. These links are to be found by the help of intersecting lights and by deduction.



The thirty-four unchecked letters of the diagram could be arranged so as to form the following words: A tough pace gets me in jug out east—Zander.

### CLUES—ACROSS

12. Virgil holds the whip with precision (7).
13. Bamfylde the Gipsy represented a gang gone wrong (5).
15. Attention—unsuitable for skating (6).
16. It's a trick. Watch pocket (3).
18. A politician naturally looks both ways (3).
20. Refuse to wear out a clog (5).
23. How Will used to undo a door, back-hand (3).
25. The card-game's awkward—shut up! (4).
28. Slight biliousness from pieces of rock (5).
29. These bones form a half-moon (5).
32. This herb becomes a tree when given liquid (3).
33. Privilege of lord of manor to have court in pocket (3).
37. Get support. It is needed for escape (3).
38. Stick around; it's only a beetle (3).
40. Sounds like what you do to a safe, just in case (6).
42. Discover, as it were, the way to open a bottle (5).
47. Bar in which a gourmand relaxes (7).
48. In the feast a tipsy bard may be observed (10).

### DOWN

1. These catkins are the last word, thanks (6).
2. Sharp tusk (5).
3. Entertain without a four pound allowance (4).
4. Where even a hermit would find cold comfort? (9, hyphen).
7. Scottish palm seen near the stern (4).
8. Incite a blackleg rising (3).
9. The special point where destruction begins (3).
10. Black spout (3).
14. The clown's mouth used to frighten children (5).
17. Most of the building's freehold estate, but not all. And it's under water (9).
18. Why is this Dutch town like an actress? (4).
22. A stunted child is racing headless (3).
24. Hot coal's reduced. You may have it for a song (4).
26. A complicated puzzle is a great judge of morals (5).
27. Wingless old bird that sounds like Oliver (3).
36. Old uncle's taken in by Glasgow's leaders—just like his brother (5).
39. Chink is Hudson's Forest-Spirit (4).

## Solution of No. 1,213

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
W	H	A	T	C	A	N	N	O	T	B
C	S	S	A	R	E	S	S	A	E	R
E	A	V	O	I	D	E	D	T	W	E
K	E	D	E	A	N	E	A	R	O	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
R	E	C	H	I	L	D	I	S	H	W
23										24
E	C	U	L	D	P	A	P	E	N	T
E	A	K	N	E	S	S	T	O	L	A
25										26
B	S	S	S	D	T	A	R	E	R	R
M	E	N	T	O	R	F	E	A	R	S

### NOTES

Answers and Sources: 1D. wreck. R3, I, 4. 1R. wives. H5, III, 3. 2L + 23R. chaste. Oth. V, 2. 2R. shoal. H8, III, 2. 3R. Diana. MND, I, 1. 4L + 25R. basket. A & C, V, 2. 4R. tried. Ham, I, 3. 5L. carve. H6 (3), II, 5. 5R. cease. R & J, II, 2. 6L. adore. TN, II, 5. 6R. shard. Mac, III, 2. 7L. niece. TN, II, 5. 7R. wants. Cor, IV, 2. 8L. hands. JC, III, 1. 8R + 26L. narrow. JC, I, 2. 9L. noise. Mac, II, 2. 10L. dealt. H6 (1), V, 5. 10R. + 24L. letter. R & J, V, 2. 11L. bated. Ham, V, 2. 11D. bower. MND, III, 2. 12D. ember. A & C, II, 2. 12R. rocks. Oth, I, 3. 13R. under. Temp, V, 1. 14R. cleft. Mch A, II, 1. 15R. heads. AYL, II, 1. 16L. milks. Mac, I, 7. 16R. Paris. Tro, II, 2. 17L. lends. MoV, I, 3. 17R. alter. H6 (3), IV, 3. 18L. spend. A & C, V, 2. 18R. drops. MoV, IV, 1. 19L. staid. TN, II, 4. 20L. posts. H4 (2), Ind. 21L. heart. Lear, I, 1. 22L. frown. Cym, IV, 2. 22D. swart. H6 (1), 1.

Quotation: Henry VI (3), Act 5, Sc. 4.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: K. A. Redish (East Horsley); 2nd prize: D. A. Nicholls (Chester); 3rd prize, Herbert Walton (Nottingham).

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